

64 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE POC



EERIE
129
SEPT

50c

IN THE BLASTING
DIN OF BATTLE
& THE FLASH
OF SHINING
SABRES,
STOOD THE
MAN WHO
CARRIED...
**THE
VORPAL
SWORD!**
See Page 34



AN EDITORIAL TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

---ON BEHALF OF OUR READERS,
MOST OF WHOM ARE FROM 10 TO 18 YEARS OLD...

WE are a magazine publishing company that is in business to entertain and enlighten our audience. We don't publish politically-oriented magazines (3 of our titles are comics-format), but we do get involved in the serious issues of our times.

BOTH this company and our young readers have felt for some time now that our country is in deep trouble. Our first personal taste of this trouble occurred in 1965 when we came out with **BLAZING COMBAT** Magazine. Blazing Combat was a comic book that grimly pointed out that war is hell, and in-

human—and not the glamorous, adventurous matter often depicted in the mass media. Editor Archie Goodwin wrote some of the finest anti-war stories ever seen in comics form.

It was a publication we were proud of. Yet, Blazing Combat was a failure on the newsstands. It lasted 4 issues.

WE suspect that part of the reason it failed was because some of the people involved in the sales and distribution of our product didn't like the attitude we took on Viet Nam. Back in 1965 it was considered, by most, extremely unpatriotic not to support our country's position. We received complaints

along about our second issue. We ignored them, but could not ignore the economic effect of losing thousands of dollars each issue. We ceased publication.



WE were angry—that a magazine we thought deserved to live—had died, possibly because it proclaimed a message that said "War is hell—and the Viet Nam war is not only hell, it's absolute insanity for our country." And so Blazing Combat went quietly out of business.

STILL another involvement for us is the running of our Anti-Cigarette Smoking ad.

CREATED at our own expense, this half-page Comics-Format ad "EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURFBOARD!" (written by Archie Goodwin, drawn by Frank Frazetta) has been running in all Warren Magazines for the past 5 summers. It's not the kind of ad you'll see in any other publication in America. It doesn't help sell our magazines, but we run it because we believe the message is important

(more important than advertising revenue)—and deserves exposure in our pages.

NOW we must again speak out, concerning that most urgent issue—our involvement in Southeast Asia.

WE realize that only you, Mr. President, can end this war—the longest and costliest war in our history. Failing this, only You—the Members of Congress—can stop the President from continuing a war that is taking the lives and limbs of our youth, soiling our national conscience, and splitting this country down the middle.

MOST of us readers are under 21. We can't vote—yet. But we don't have to be 21 to die in a war that was a mistake to begin with.

That's why we are angry with you adults, Mr. President and Members of Congress. You adults have let this drag on for half of our lives. We've tried to tell you this in our demonstrations. We tried to tell you this at Kent State. Were you listening?

PERHAPS you don't listen because you think we're children. You may even think it strange or odd that words like these appear in a magazine such as this. But we're deadly serious about what we're now saying.

DO something about it NOW.

BEFORE another human life is wasted—give us PEACE, NOW!

James Warren,
President

WARREN PUBLISHING CO.



EERIE

NO. 29

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN ASSOCIATE EDITOR: ARCHIE GOODWIN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: BILL PARENTE, NICOLA CUTI COVER: KEN KELLY

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: DAN ADKINS, RICH BUCKLER, CARLOS GARZON, JACK SPARLING, TOM SUTTON

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: T. CASEY BRENNAN, RICK BUCKLER, NICOLA CUTI, DOUGLAS MOENCH, BUDDY SAUNDERS



Page 9



Page 21



Page 33

CONTENTS

DEAR COUSIN EERIE

Mysterious mail that meandered its monstrous way to us

4

LOOPHOLE

Journey back through time with four travelers on a macabre mission

7

THE FIEND PLANET

At the end of a century-long journey to the stars lies — HORROR!

14

BLOODSTAFF

A young warrior, traveling under a curse, encounters a plague of predicaments

20

GALLERY OF HORROR

Who knows what evil lurks in pigments of putrefaction?

27

THE VORPAL SWORD

A brave knight discovers there is more than one way to get a close shave

34

EERIE FANFARE

A ghoulish Gaul adds his gruesome graphics to our grisly stew. So what else is gnu?

42

STRANGE GATEWAY

A mystic mirror ushers the unsuspecting to — where?

44

SNOW JOB

A terror-trek to the high Himalayas in search of the legendary Abominable Snowman

60



Page 36



Page 48



Page 61

DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Feature people in their teens & twenties!

magazine and hope more will buy it.

MIKE HENDRICKS
Little Rock, Ark.



The big idea, Mike, is to make us real heroes look younger. Since I really am much younger than you-know-who, I wouldn't mind starting a youth movement going. But I'll bet you'd miss some of those great stories about the old days back in Transylvania. I know I would.

I've always been on the lookout for a nice rich—er, sweet boy, and I think Brian C. Carrick of Bakersfield, Cal. is just the one I've been looking for.

Don't think that just because he spent around \$63.50 for back issues and subscriptions to the three Warren Magazines, as he said in issue #27, turned me on or anything. I didn't even read that part. But any boy who spends that kind of money for magazines just has to be a warm, wonderful, groovy-looking person.

I'll bet he buries dead cats, that compassionate boy. He can probably even afford pain-bearers. Alas, you didn't print his address. So be a dear and tell me, OK?

CHARLOTTE WAWKINS
Astoria, New York

But Charlotte, baby, I thought it was me you loved. Besides, who do you think has Brian Carrick's \$63.50 now?

I didn't write before because I was sure one of your regular readers would know who your mystery girl is. Her name is Cory Panshin, and she is the wife of science fiction writer Alexei Panshin ("Rite of Passage," "Starinell"). She did not

come to the St. Louiscon masquerade as one of your cover girls. The name of her costume is "Science Fiction Archetype," and the source is the cover of any one of hundreds of old S.F. pulp magazines. Sorry to shatter your illusions and all that.

JEFFREY MAY
Springfield, Mo.

Our compliments to Mr. Panshin. We were familiar with his work, but not his wife. Thanks for solving our mystery.



**MYSTERY GIRL—
CORY PANSHIN**

Gee whiz! Your magazine #27 was just great! I really liked those gruesome pictures. But why don't you cover up your girls more? You shouldn't show so much girl. It doesn't help all the poor girls with stick figures, either. Other than that, your magazine is perfect. One more thing: Why don't you put more good looking men and boys in your stories? It would zing things up a bit, don't you think?

CAROL HEATH
Darlington, S.C.

Not for me, it wouldn't. Issue #27 was the greatest.

I'm sure you get quite a few letters every day with suggestions on how to improve CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Well, get ready, because here's another one.

Firstly, it's OK to use U.C., C.E., and Vampi to introduce the stories and such; but would you please put the letters pages and the fan pages on a real-person level? It's maddening to try to write a serious letter about the goods and bads of your mags, and see it printed with a childish answer. Or no answer at all. It's very discouraging, and I'm sure if you'd check, you'd find that most of your letters are from readers and people in fandom—most of us are turned off by the answers we might receive. Change it, huh?

Try to upgrade your art and keep it there. You're headed in the right direction by hiring such great artists as Jeff Jones, J. Fantuccio, V. Bode, J. Steranko and B. Graham. And once again getting people like F. Frazetta and N. Adams. But you are still plagued by an occasional bad artist. It would really make your books better if you'd get rid of some of them. Also, if you can, Frank Frazetta do some inside stories for you. And get John Fantuccio to do some covers.

A good way to make some extra money would be to print up some of your better cover art without type and sell them. For a reasonable price, of course. There are gobs of people in and out of fandom who would like to have these masterpieces in a portfolio. Your competitor, by the way, repeats cover art on the back as a pinup.

Have you given any thought to coming out with a full science-fiction magazine? And a complete one on sword and sorcery? This would leave your present three as the leaders in the horror field, and we'd still get Sci-Fi and S&S—which we need much more of anyhow.

How about in the near future featuring a nice long story of how Uncle Creepy, Cousin Eerie and Vampirella are all related to each other? I'm sure it would make a weird, laughable story.

DUFFY VOHLAND
Clarksburg, Ind.



You really let us have it that time, didn't you, Duff? And some of the ideas are pretty good. I especially like the one about making more money!

To get serious (for a change?): fans and publishers really have the same goals. To make better magazines. If fans enjoy them, fans will be sure to buy them and we can't think of anything that gives us more pleasure than that!

But getting more out of an artist you like or dumping one

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) CREEPY ☐ EERIE ☐ VAMPIRELLA ☐

Store's Name

Store's Address

City State & Zip

Mail Coupon to: CREEPY NEWSSTANDS
22 E. 42d Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

“He could have easily cut off his hand.”

you don't like or coming up with new products to meet a demand, no matter how big it is, isn't always so simple. It's easier to say, "why don't you?"

I've been a faithful follower of yours — and of Uncle Creepy's — almost since the beginning. And I expect to be with you for years to come.

One thing that's always bothered me about your letters page is that all your fans ever seem able to talk about is the quality — or lack of it — of the artwork. Nobody seems to care about the stories. Until now.

Nobody asked me, but I think good stories are more important than good art. A good story can make bad art look better, but a bad story can ruin the best artwork. Not that I don't think your stories are any good. They're usually great. But I do have a suggestion.

Your "Monster Gallery" and Uncle Creepy's "Loathsome Lore" have told about some very interesting creatures and legends that hardly ever appear in the regular stories. You, just like everyone else the horror field seem to draw mostly on horror movies for inspiration. So we get a hundred variations on tired old vampires and wolfmen, walking dead and creatures from outer space. And the movie people never looked any further than to a couple of very good books for their inspiration.

But there are hundreds of ideas they never bothered with. Voodoo, for instance, or some of the wild tales from the Far East. They didn't bother much with the terror lore of the Greeks and Romans, either. Or the banshees from Ireland.

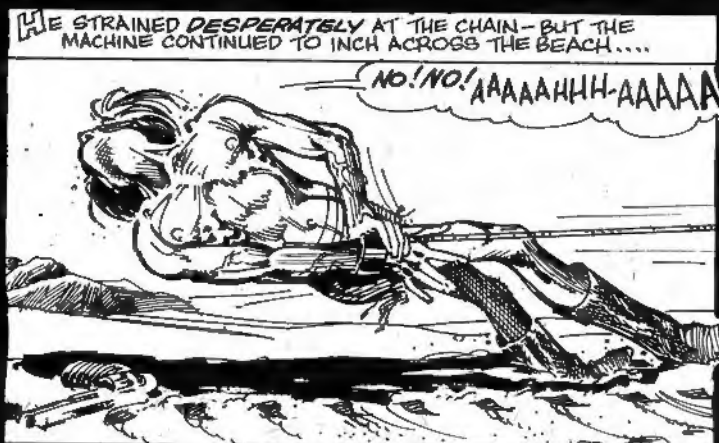
This is your big chance to creative, Cuz. Blaze some new trails and get some good stories in the bargain. You're already whetting our appetites with your "Monster Gallery." I think it's time you made up some good stories to go with it.

HARRY KUHN
Milwaukee, Wisc.

I think you may have stumbled on something there, Harold. There are some good stories nobody's told lately. We'll put our vast research staff to work on it right away.

Sandra Neralsky say that EERIE Magazine should have more beauty, yet she criticizes you for having too many "sex plugs." I've never seen such a thing in EERIE. I've only seen great natural beauty in your magazine.

CONSTANCE GRONK
San Carlos, Cal.



ERNIE COLON'S MACHINE GOD'S SLAVE: 20-20 HAND-SIGHT

One small flaw in "The Machine God's Slave." When our protagonist, Murray Roche, was chained by one hand to that tractor-like machine, he could have escaped easily by cutting off his hand.

No picnic, but better than dying by inches or, in the end, drowning. His energy pistol could have done the job. Painful, but the best of the alterna-

tives. The advanced science of his era could probably have given him a new hand anyway.

MICHAEL TIERSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I've got to hand it to you, Mike. Too bad Murray didn't think of it all by himself. But you know how it is when you're chained to a tractor, you can't be expected to think of everything.

DON'T JUST SIT THERE!
Tell us what you think!
Address your mail to:
DEAR COUSIN EERIE
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

NOK! NOK!

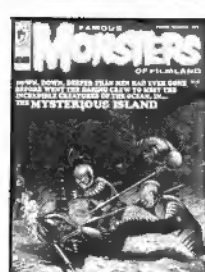
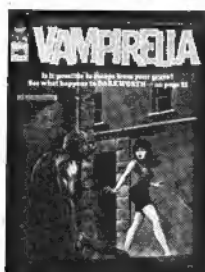
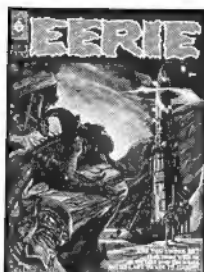
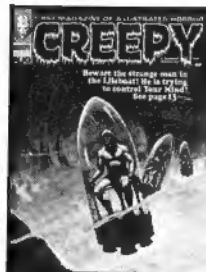


OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONCE—
THE POSTMAN RINGS TWICE—

THAT MAKES THREE GOOD REASONS FOR YOU TO—

SUBSCRIBE!

AND HAVE THESE FOUR TERRIFIC WARREN MAGAZINES DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR A WEEK OR SO BEFORE THEY APPEAR ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND. BE THE ENVY OF THE GANG! BE THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE WORLD! DO IT NOW—OR ELSE!!



CREEPY
☐ 6 Issues\$3.00
☐ 12 Issues\$5.00

EERIE
☐ 6 Issues\$3.00
☐ 12 Issues\$5.00

VAMPIRELLA
☐ 6 Issues\$3.00
☐ 12 Issues\$5.00

FAMOUS MONSTERS
☐ 12 Issues\$ 6.00
☐ 24 Issues\$10.00

I ENCLOSE \$..... FOR A..... ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO..... MAGAZINE AS INDICATED ABOVE.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

(IN CANADA, AND OUTSIDE THE U.S., PLEASE ADD \$1.00 TO ALL RATES)
MAIL TO WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 22 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



WHY DON'T YOU HAVE THESE VALUABLE BACK ISSUES OF
EERIE IN YOUR PRIVATE MAGAZINE COLLECTION?



#2



#3



#4



#5



#6



#7



#8



#9



#10



#11



#12



#13



#14



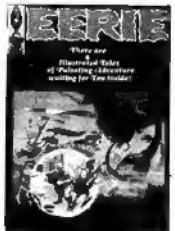
#15



#16



#17



#18



#19



#20



#21



#22



#23



#24



1970 YEARBOOK



#25



#26



#27



#28

MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

- ☐ #2 (\$2.50)
☐ #3 (\$1.50)
☐ #4 (\$1.50)
☐ #5 (\$1.50)
☐ #6 (\$1.00)
☐ #7 (\$1.00)
☐ #8 (\$1.00)
☐ #9 (75c)

- ☐ #10 (75c)
☐ #11 (75c)
☐ #12 (75c)
☐ #13 (75c)
☐ #14 (75c)
☐ #15 (75c)
☐ #16 (75c)
☐ #17 (75c)
☐ #18 (75c)
☐ #19 (75c)
☐ #20 (75c)

- ☐ #21 (75c)
☐ #22 (75c)
☐ #23 (75c)
☐ 1970 YEARBOOK (\$1.00)
☐ #24 (65c)
☐ #25 (65c)
☐ #26 (65c)
☐ #27 (65c)
☐ #28 (65c)

EERIE BACK ISSUE DEPT.
Box #5987 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

All Copies Mailed
in a Sturdy Envelope
for Protection

☐ I enclose \$..... for back issues.

NAME

ADDRESS

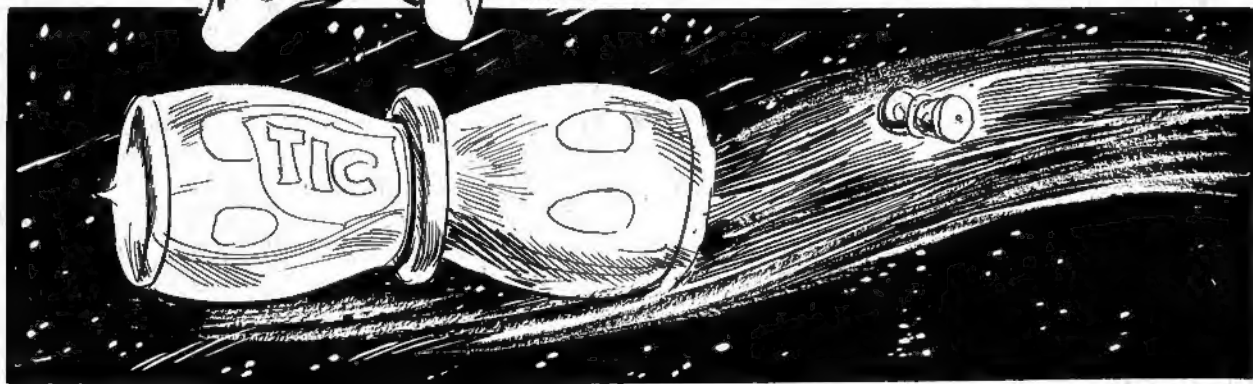
CITY

STATE ZIP CODE

TELL ME, CHRONOLOGICAL CRONIES—ARE YOU PRONE TO SEASICKNESS, CARSICKNESS OR AIRSICKNESS? IF SO MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SKIP THIS TALE BECAUSE YOU SEE, IT'S ABOUT **TIME TRAVEL!**

IN 1982, JUST AFTER THE TIME TRAVEL MACHINE (TTM) WAS INVENTED, A COUNCIL WAS SET UP—THE TIME OPERATIONS COUNCIL (TOC) TO SAFEGUARD THE CORRIDORS OF TIME FROM PLUNDERERS. IRON-CLAD LAWS WERE PASSED AND TIME APPEARED SECURE, UNTIL ONE DAY SOMEONE DISCOVERED A ...

LOOPHOLE!



SIGNAL COMPLIANCE AND TELL THEM WE'RE HEADING FOR ZONE 80!



AS SAVAGE'S CREW AWAITS THEIR PURSUERS TO EMERGE FROM THE TIME PASSAGE, THEY SURVEY THE FRIGID LANDSCAPE OF THE WORLD AS IT WAS NEARLY TWO MILLION YEARS B.C. THEIR CLOTHING ALTHOUGH THIN, PROTECTS THEM VERY WELL FROM THE SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE.



I'M STEPHEN SAVAGE FROM TIME INTERVENTION CONTROL.

TIC? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU!

WE'RE HERE TO "ADJUST" THE POPULATION OF THE PAST SO THAT THE FUTURE POPULATION WILL BE OF THE PROPER SIZE.



UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT THAT FAMINE, CRIME AND WARS WILL BREAK OUT AGAIN.

YES, **NOW** I REMEMBER. SAVAGE AND HIS LOOPHOLE, PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR WORLD, NOT OVERPOPULATION BUT DESPERATE LAWS.



YOU'RE WITHIN THE LAW SO YOU'RE FREE TO CARRY OUT YOUR MISSION. AND GOD HELP US IF YOU GO TOO FAR OR MAKE A MISTAKE!



GRAHAM, ARE WE RIGHT **JUST** BECAUSE THE LAW SAYS SO?



THE LAW DOESN'T SAY WE'RE RIGHT STEVE, IT'S JUST LOOKING THE OTHER WAY FOR A WHILE. SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL PLUG UP THE LOOPHOLE AND WE'LL BE OUTLAWS. THE ONLY THING WE CAN HOPE IS THAT WE'LL HAVE THE JOB DONE BY THEN.

FOR HOURS, THE HUNTERS TREK OVER A GLITTERING GALAXY OF SNOWFLAKES. ONLY THEIR BLUE SNOW SHADOWS BREAK THE MONOTONY UNTIL, AT LAST, A SOUND SHATTERS THE STILLNESS.



KLEED EFFICIENTLY PASSES A LASER RAY THROUGH THE BEAST'S BRAIN.



STEVE, I THINK THEY WANT US TO GO TO THEIR VILLAGE.



THE TRAVELERS ARE WELCOMED BY THE SAVAGES, LOOKED UPON AS BENEFICENT GODS WHO HAVE COME TO BRING THEIR TRIBE WEALTH AND PROTECTION.

THIS TRIBE HAS THE INTELLIGENCE TO SURVIVE. CHANCES ARE THEY'LL FLOURISH, THEIR DESCENDANTS WILL EXTENDING ALL THE WAY INTO OUR TIME. THERE'S NO DOUBT, I'VE DOUBLE CHECKED EVERYTHING!

WHAT A SHAME!



DON'T BECOME TOO ATTACHED TO THEM. THEY'RE OUR PREY!



HOLD ON, SAVAGE,
I LIKE THESE PEOPLE!

TAKE IT EASY. WE'RE
DOING THE HUMANE
THING. WE'RE POPULATION
ADJUSTORS, THAT'S ALL.



THINK OF THEM AS APES, IF IT
MAKES IT EASIER FOR YOU. I
ENJOY MY WORK!

RIELY! CALL THE
PEOPLE
TOGETHER!



BY WAVING
HER ARMS
AND
TALKING IN
FRIENDLY
TONES,
RIELY IS
ABLE TO
GATHER
A CROWD.

COME TO ME,
PEOPLE. WE ARE
YOUR FRIENDS.
HEAR US SPEAK.



THE QUIET
WEAPONS
SPEAK
THEIR
SILENT
DEATH...



BLOODLESS DEATH...



ONE OF THE
BASIC LAWS
OF THE TIME
OPERATIONS
COUNCIL STATES
THAT A TIME
TRAVELER
MUST OBEY
THE LAWS OF
THE TIME ZONE
WHICH HE
ENTERS.

DO YOU SUPPOSE
ANYONE HEREABOUTS
HAS DRAWN UP A
LAW AGAINST
MURDER? HA! HA!
HA! OUR LOOPHOLE!
SO SIMPLE BUT SO
BEAUTIFUL!



FOR EACH MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD WHO IS ELIMINATED, THOUSANDS OF THEIR DESCENDANTS WHO **WOULD** HAVE EXISTED IN THE FUTURE NEVER WILL!

BEHIND SAVAGE, A LONE SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE PREPARES TO TAKE REVENGE.

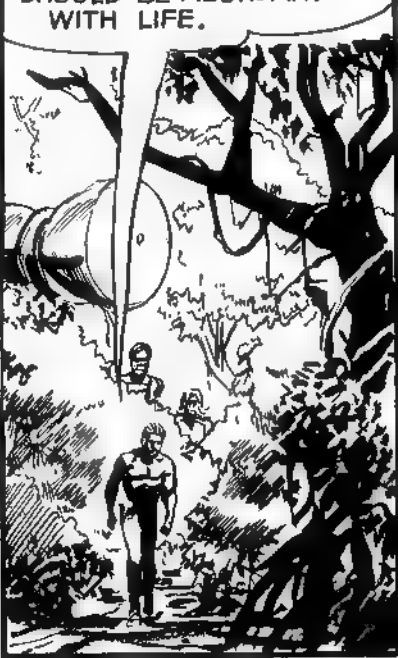


RIELY'S KILLED ONE OF **HER OWN ANCESTORS** AND DESTROYED HER **ENTIRE** FAMILY LINE. POOR RIELY. THEY'VE FORGOTTEN HER BUT I WON'T. RIELY KILLED THE CAVEMAN. GRAHAM... RIELY KILLED... GRAHAM KILLED THE CAVEMAN ...WHAT AM I SAYING? OF **COURSE** GRAHAM KILLED THE CAVEMAN! HE SAVED MY LIFE.

IN ORDER TO AVOID POLICE HARASSMENT, THE THREE TIME TRAVELERS JOURNEY FURTHER BACK IN TIME THAN THEY'VE EVER GONE BEFORE. RIELY AND ALL THE OTHER TRAVELERS WHO BEGAN THE EXPEDITION WITH THEM HAVE BEEN ERASED FROM THEIR MINDS.

THE FLOWERS ARE SWEET HERE, THE WORLD IS FRESH, INVITING TO THE HUNTERS— BUT EVEN PARADISE LIKE THIS WILL NOT SEDUCE THEM FROM THEIR MISSION.

WE'LL HEAD TOWARD THE SUN. A PLACE LIKE THIS SHOULD BE ABUNDANT WITH LIFE.



DESPITE SAVAGE'S OPTIMISM, THE HUNTERS HAVE TRAVELED THROUGH THE LUSH VIRGIN JUNGLE FOR DAYS WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING THE SLIGHTEST EVIDENCE OF HUMAN LIFE.





THERE ONCE WAS A RACE OF CREATURES WHO WALKED UPRIGHT, FLEW THROUGH HEAVENS, MARCHED THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF TIME... OR WAS THERE?



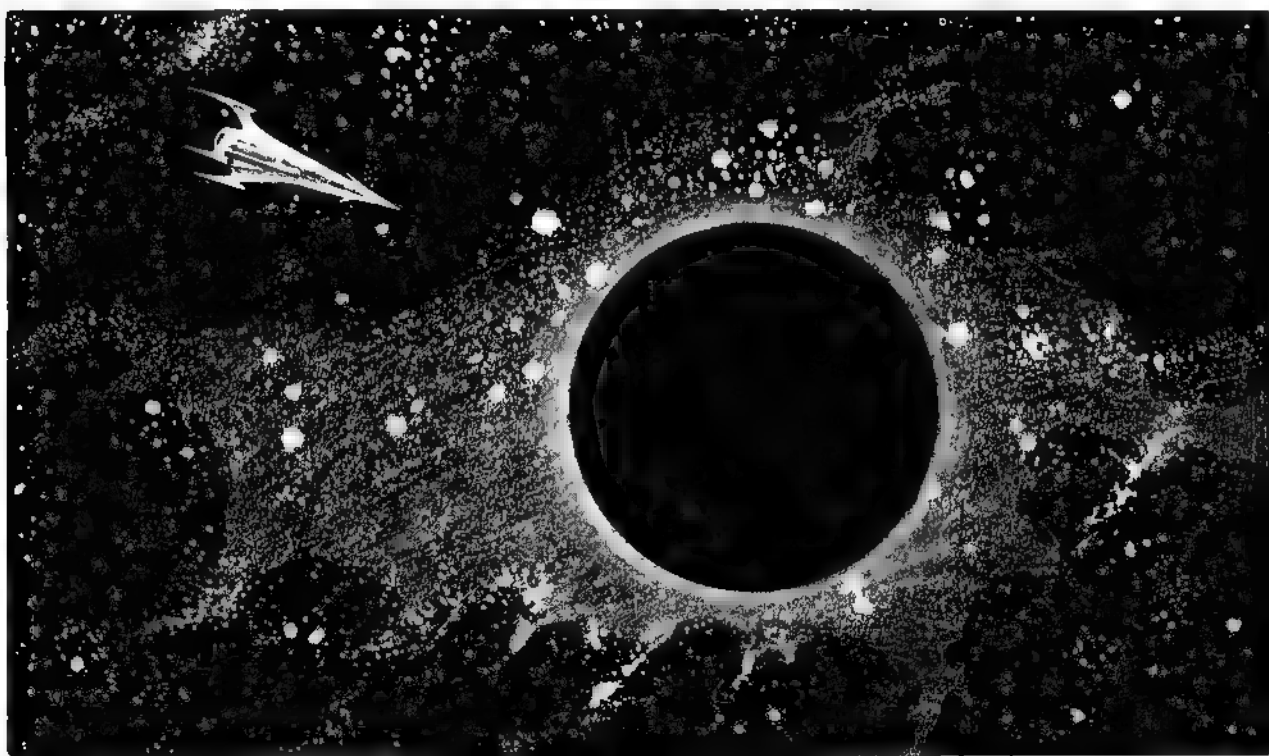
I GUESS YOU'D CALL THAT THE STORY OF THE RACE THAT **NEVER WAS** BUT THAT'S WHAT THEY GET FOR GIVING SO MANY PEOPLE **HEARTBURN**. SORT OF STICKS IN YOUR THROAT...UH, MORE LIKE YOUR **ADAM'S APPLE**, WOULDN'T YOU SAY? **ULP!**





BY THE YEAR 2101, MAN HADN'T DISCOVERED A FASTER THAN LIGHT STAR-DRIVE, BUT HE HAD DISCOVERED A TYPE OF **TELEPORTATION** NOT LIMITED TO THE **SPEED OF LIGHT!** THUS MOST INSTANTLY, MAN COULD TRAVEL ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE... PROVIDED A **TELEPORT RECEIVER** WAS PRESENT TO ACCEPT THE MATTER BROADCAST FROM LIGHT-DISTANT **EARTH!** FOR THE PURPOSE OF ESTABLISHING ONE SUCH MATTER RECEPTOR, THE **STARSHIP GRAND DESIGN** HAD BEEN DISPATCHED ON A **CENTURY-
LONG JOURNEY TO GAMMA QUAD...**

THE FIEND PLANET



THE LONG CENTURY HAD PASSED IN UNBROKEN SILENCE AS THE STARSHIP GHOSTED THROUGH SPACE. BUT NOW THERE WAS SOUND... THE FIRST SOUNDS IN A CENTURY, AND...

TROUBLE!



CAPTAIN BARRY MAYNARD WAITED IMPATIENTLY, AS THE BLOOD AGAIN STIRRED IN HIS FROZEN VEINS! PAINFULLY, HE SUCKED IN HIS FIRST BREATH IN A FULL CENTURY...

HURRY, YOU LOUSY AUTOMATION! GOTTA GET TO THE CONTROLS BEFORE THIS CRATE GOES DOWN LIKE A PRETTY FIREBALL!



THE ADVENTURINE FACING HISSED AWAY FROM HIS BODY! TENTATIVELY, CAPT. MAYNARD STIRRED, AND FELT PAIN SING THROUGH THE FIBERS OF HIS BODY...

FIFTY PAGES UP TO THE CONTROL DECK... MUST MAKE IT... QUICKLY!



DAN
ADKINS

PAIN... TERRIBLE...
TRIED TO MOVE
TOO SOON!



MADE IT, BUT IT
WAS LIKE A CLIMB
OUT OF HELL!



COMPUTER! SPEAK!
WHY HAVE YOU
FAILED?

I AM
DAMAGED BY
**ORGANIC
INFECTION!**
SUGGEST YOU
ASSUME **MAN-
UAL CONTROL**
FOR INTEGRITY
OF SHIP.



CAPT. MAYNARD JABBED THE **SENSOR
KEY!** A MASSIVE PLANET FILLED THE
SCREEN, RISING TO MEET THE FALLING
SHIP...

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! IN
ANOTHER MINUTE, WE'LL BE
FALING LIKE AN **ANVIL!**

WITH CAPT. MAYNARD AT THE CONTROLS
THE STARSHIP FELL ELLIPTICALLY
INTO...



A PERFECT
LANDING!
WE'VE DONE IT,
BY GOD!

CAPT. MAYNARD FELT LIKE CELEBRATING, BUT FOR THAT HE
NEEDED COMPANY! THUS HE
BEGAN **THAWING** THE THREE
CYROGENIC UNITS!

LAURA, MY DARLING, WE'RE
ALONE NOW! A HUNDRED
YEARS HAVE PASSED... BY NOW
ALL OUR FRIENDS ARE DEAD...
NO MORE THAN **DUST** IN
THE EARTH!



I'VE SCANNED THE PLANET!
ASIDE FROM AN EXCESS OF
GRAVITY, IT SUITABLE FOR
HABITATION!

MARVELOUS!
THEN COLONIZATION
CAN BEGIN
ALMOST AT
ONCE!

CERTAINLY,
JEANNE! WE
NEED ONLY SET
UP THE TRANS-
CEIVER!



NOW I PROPOSE A TOAST! A TOAST TO OUR SUCCESS!

AND TO OUR BACK PAY... A HUNDRED YEARS' WORTH AT COMPOUND INTEREST!

BUT TWO DAYS LATER, THE INITIAL EXCITEMENT AND JOY TURNED TO CONSTERNATION AND WORRY...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BARRY. SHE'S GOT POWER, EVERY CIRCUIT IS WORKING, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS! IT'S AS IF THERE'S NOTHING ON EARTH RECEIVING OR SENDING!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

A WEEK PASSED WITH NO EARTH CONTACT!

APPARENTLY, EARTH NO LONGER EXISTS... AT LEAST SO FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED! LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'D BETTER CONSIDER BEING A PAIR OF ADAMS AND EVES!



SOON, HOWEVER, THEY DISCOVERED THAT THEY WERE NOT QUITE ALONE.

LOOK, BARRY... ON THAT HILLTOP!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



FRANTICALLY, THE TWO SCIENTISTS SCRAMBLED AFTER THE VANISHED SHAPES...

MAYBE NOT! REMEMBER, IT TOOK US A HUNDRED YEARS TO GET HERE! BACK ON EARTH, IN THAT HUNDRED YEARS, SOMEONE MAY HAVE INVENTED A FASTER THAN LIGHT VEHICLE...

...OR THEY MIGHT HAVE CREATED A TELEPORTATION UNIT THAT DOESN'T REQUIRE A PRELOCATED RECEIVER! EITHER WAY OTHERS COULD HAVE GOTTEN HERE LONG BEFORE US!

THOSE WERE MEN! I'M CERTAIN OF IT!

BUT HOW, BARRY? HOW? WE WERE THE FIRST HERE WITH A TRANEIVER UNIT!



BUT THE "MEN" PROVED TO BE
A DISAPPOINTMENT, A
HORROR, IN FACT!

GASP! THEY
ARE HIDEOUS!

NOT MEN,
CERTAINLY!

SKREET
KI KI KI

VTIK!
TIK-TIK-IK

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!
I THINK WE FRIGHTENED
THEM!

NOT ANY MORE
THAN THEY
FRIGHTENED
ME!

AND YOU SAY
THEY WERE
ROUGHLY
HUMANOID?

RIGHT, BUT CLEARLY
NOT HUMAN!

SHUDDER!
OBVIOUSLY!
THEY WERE
HORRIBLE!

BUT THE TRUE HORROR WAS YET TO COME...

YIIIEEEEE!

YOUR GUN!
HURRY!

MY GOD!
IT'S JEANNE!

DEAD! NECKS
BROKEN!

MURDERED! AND
THERE GO HER
KILLERS!

ROD, I THINK
THE FALL
KILLED HER!

YOU'RE MAD, MAYNARD!
THEY KILLED HER!
THOSE LOUSY OVER-
SIZED BUGS! AND
NOW THEY'RE DEAD!

OKAY, I'M NOT ARGUING! BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THERE COULD BE OTHERS AROUND!



THAT NIGHT...

BARRY, I'M AFRAID! ROD'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG!

YOU KNOW ROD! HE NEVER TIRES OF TINKERING WITH...

STAY BACK YOU DEVILS! YIEEEE!



HIDE UNTIL I GET BACK!

DON'T GO OUT THERE, DARLING! HE'S DEAD... HE MUST BE!



AND LAURA WAS RIGHT! ROD WAS QUITE DEAD!



SOMETHING TORE HIM TO PIECES! GOTTA GET BACK TO LAURA!

CAPT. MAYNARD HEARD LAURA'S FIRST SCREAM FOLLOWED BY OTHERS, BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED BACK AT THE CAMP, SHE WAS A SILENT SMEAR OF BLOOD AND BONE SPREAD OVER THE CAMPSITE...

IT'S NOT REAL... CAN'T BE... WON'T LET IT BE!



THEN CAPT. MAYNARD SAW THE GIGANTIC SHAPES COMING AT HIM OUT OF THE ENCOMPASSING DARKNESS...

FUZZITTTT!

FUZZITTTT!

#\$%&@ YOU!
%\$&@% ALL OF YOU!



LATER, OTHER SHAPES LOOMED OVER THE
BROKEN THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN
CAPT. BARRY MAYNARD...

RI-TIK-TIK-
KITIK!

WATI-TI-TI!
KI-KI!

THEN THERE WAS THE
SOUND OF A DESCENDING
AIRCRAFT, AND

ALL DEAD
LIKE THIS
ONE?

KILLED BY
THE WILD
DOGS! WE
ARRIVED TOO
LATE TO DO
MORE THAN
DRIVE THEM
OFF!

BUT WHO WERE THESE MAD-
MEN WHO MURDERED
MY CHILDREN?

I'M NOT
YET SURE
WAKITIKI...
HUMM?

THIS
SHOULDER
PATCH...

TERRAN

NAVY

BUT WE
HAVEN'T CALLED
THE NAVY
THAT IN
EIGHTY
YEARS!

EXACTLY! I THINK I
UNDERSTAND NOW! THESE
PEOPLE CAME FROM THE
PAST! IF YOU RECALL
YOUR HISTORY, WAKITIKI,
YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT
A NUMBER OF SHIPS WERE
SENT OUT TO ESTABLISH
PORTATION RECEPTOR
STATIONS!

YES, BUT THEN
EARTH DISCOVERED A
PORTATION PROJECTOR
THAT RENDERED THEM
UNNECESSARY!

AND WE LOST
TRACK OF THOSE
SHIPS!


SO WHEN THEY
DID COME HERE...
SIXTY YEARS AFTER
THE FIRST MEN FROM
EARTH ARRIVED...

...THEY MISTOOK US FOR
MONSTERS WHEN WE
MIGHT HAVE HELPED
THEM NOT GUESSING THAT
WE WERE ACTUALLY THE
DESCENDANTS OF
EARTH MEN, GENET-
ICALLY MODIFIED
TO LIVE ON GAMMA
QUAD PERMANENTLY!

THE
END

GEE WHIZ, GANG, LOOKS
LIKE CAPT. MAYNARD
WAS RIGHT ABOUT
OTHER MEN BEATING
THEM TO GAMMA
QUAD! ONLY
PROBLEM WAS,
HE DIDN'T LIVE
LONG ENOUGH
TO DISCOVER
HE WAS
RIGHT!


The Bloodstaff




ON THE SERIOUS SIDE,
HERE IS A STORY DESIGNED
TO CHILL YOUR MARROW
AND FREEZE YOUR BLOOD!
READ ON, IF YOU DARE...

DEAD. ALL OF THEM!
KILLED DURING THE
NIGHT BY SOME NAME-
LESS TERROR!

Buckler 70



BUT HOW, BY
THE GODS, COULD
I HAVE SLEPT
DURING THE
SLAUGHTER?



AN OVERWHELMING
FATIGUE ASSAILED
THE MERCENARY...
SO HE WASHED THE
SLEEP FROM HIS EYES
AT A NEARBY SPRING...

SUDDENLY, LIKE AN ILL-OMEN A HIDEOUS FACE APPEARED IN THE WATER, REFLECTING KUNWAR'S STARTLED EXPRESSION...

WHAT
MAGIC IS
THIS?

THE WARRIOR STARTED WEAPON READY... BUT THE AWE-SOME VISAGE DISAPPEARED AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT CAME!

GONE!
SURELY THIS
FORREST IS
BEWITCHED!

MY MEN... ALL
SLAUGHTERED BY
AN UNKNOWN DEMON!

IF NOT FOR
THE MAGIC OF
MY **BLOODSTAFF**,
I WOULD HAVE
SUFFERED A
SIMILAR FATE!

THE BLOODSTAFF. IT WAS THE
WARRIORS ONLY FORTUNE. KUN-
WAR REMEMBERED BACK TO
THE DAY HE HAD REACHED
MANHOOD. WHEN HIS FATHER,
THE WIZARD NEMEDAH, GAVE
TO HIM THE ENCHANTED
WEAPON...

DURING THE REIGN OF WIZARDS,
KUNWAR HIRED OUT AS AN ASSASSIN
PITTING HIS MAGIC BLADE AGAINST THE
BLACK SORCERERS OF OPHIRIA... AND DID
NOT QUIT UNTIL THE LAST ACOLYTE OF
THE **DARK ONE** WAS SLAIN!

AND WHEN THE LAST BLACK MAGICIAN FELL, ALL BRUNDENMARYR REJOICED IN IT'S VICTORY BUT THE TOLL HAD BEEN GREATER THAN KUNWAR HAD EXPECTED...

I AM DYING, MY SON. DO NOT SPEAK, BUT LISTEN... YOU MUST ALWAYS CARRY THE BLOOD-STAFF AT YOUR SIDE... IT WILL EVER PROTECT YOU IN YOUR NEED... TRUST ME IN MY WISDOM, MY SON...

SO, SEEKING HIS FORTUNE, KUNWAR RODE WITH FIVE HAND-PICKED WARRIORS TO TRAVEL TO THE **HAUNTED FORREST** THAT LAY BETWEEN BRUNDENMARYR AND THE BARREN LANDS. THEIR MISSION WAS TO END THE MENACE IN THOSE WOODS THAT PREVENTED CARAVANS FROM TRANSPORTING SUPPLIES FROM THE HOMETLAND TO HER OUTPOSTS...

KUNWAR SHUDDERED. HE FEARED NOTHING HUMAN... BUT SOMETHING SUPERNATURAL KILLED HIS MEN, AND NOW THREATENED HIS LIFE!

THO MY FATHER WAS A WIZARD, STILL I NEVER UNDERSTOOD SUPERNATURAL AGENCY!

LEFT WITHOUT A MOUNT-FRIGHTENED AWAY BY THE DEMON, HE GUESSED KUNWAR SEARCHED THE GROUND ABOUT HIM...

THIS DEMON IS A CLEVER ONE, NOWHERE DO ITS TRACKS LEAVE THE CAMPSITE...

KUNWAR CHOSE A RANDOM DIRECTION AS HIS RESOLVE BEGAN TO SLOWLY DWINDLE. THEN, SUDDENLY, HIS ONLY DEFENSE WAS SPIRITED AWAY!



IN A MATTER OF SWIRLING MOMENTS KUNWAR FOUND HIMSELF BESIEGED BY A HORDE OF TINY WARRIORS. HIS CONSCIOUSNESS BEGAN TO SWIM AS HE FOUGHT FOR THE LAST VESTIGES OF INSANE AWARENESS! THEN, DARKNESS...



KUNWAR AWOKE TO THE SOUND OF TINY PATTERING FEET... RATS, HE THOUGHT... THEN HE REMEMBERED HIS SMALLISH OPPONENTS!



DO NOT FEAR! YOU ARE AMONG FRIENDS!

I WOULD HAVE MY WEAPON IF YOU ARE SO FRIENDLY!!



YOU WILL HAVE LITTLE NEED OF IT HERE IN MY SUBTERRANEAN REFUGE. MY TINY SUBJECTS KILL ONLY AT MY COMMAND

NO! I BEGIN TO SEE.



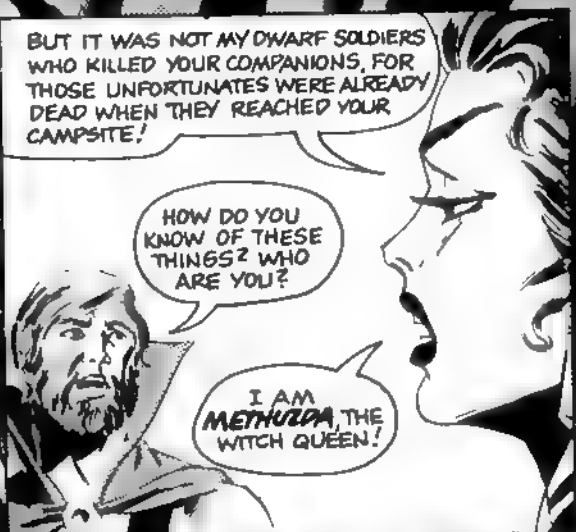
IT WAS YOUR DWARF ARMY THAT HAS BEEN ATTACKING OUR CARAVANS!

JUST AS THEY MURDERED MY **COMPANIONS** IN THEIR SLEEP, BUT FOR WHAT UNSAVORY PURPOSE?



HA, HA, HA! THEY WERE OF NO USE TO ME **ALIVE**, BUT DEAD THEIR CORPSES PROVIDED NOURISHMENT FOR MY **VAMPIRE PLANT**!

THESE GNOME'S FEAR IT SO THEY REMAIN LOYAL TO ME!



BUT IT WAS NOT MY DWARF SOLDIERS WHO KILLED YOUR COMPANIONS, FOR THOSE UNFORTUNATES WERE ALREADY DEAD WHEN THEY REACHED YOUR CAMP SITE!

HOW DO YOU KNOW OF THESE THINGS? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM **METHULDA**, THE WITCH QUEEN!



I SENSE YOUR WANT FOR ESCAPE! YOU WOULD NOT BE SO ANXIOUS TO RETRIEVE YOUR WEAPON IF YOU KNEW OF THE **CURSE** THAT IS UPON IT!

LONG AGO, IN AN ACT OF VENGEANCE, I LAID A CURSE ON THE WIZARD **NEMEDAH'S** FIRST-BORN! THE BABY WAS BORN A **DEMON**, AND THE MOTHER DIED...



YOU WERE THAT CHILD! AND NOW THAT YOUR FATHER HAS DIED, THE SPELL BEGINS TO WEAR OFF!

YOU ARE ONE OF US! JOIN US AND TOGETHER WE WILL OVERTHROW ENTIRE KINGDOMS !!

NO! YOU THINK TO TRICK ME!

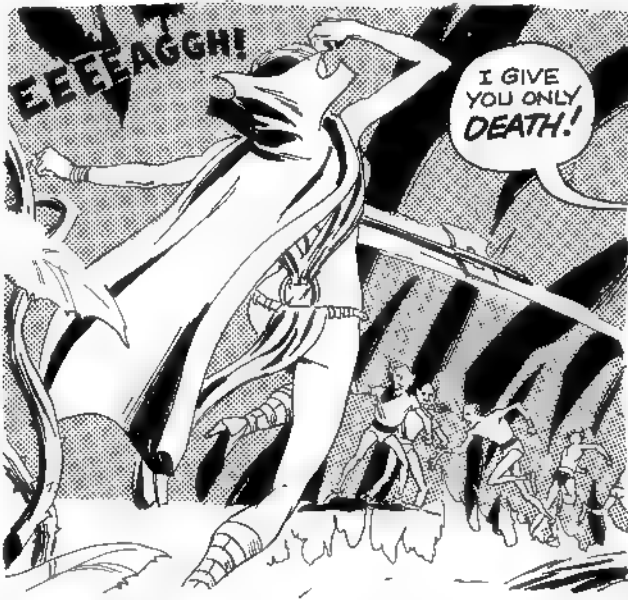


BUT I WOULD NOT BE SO EASILY FOOLED!

EEH! Y!!!



I WOULD NOT CONSORT WITH MY FATHER'S ENEMY!



EEEEAGGH!

I GIVE YOU ONLY DEATH!



AMIDST THE SPREADING, HUNGRY FLAMES, METHUZDA'S SUPPLE FLESH PROVIDED THE VAMPIRE PLANT THE LAST MEAL SHE WOULD EVER OFFER IT!

MY BLOODSTAFF... IT WILL BE LOST IN THE FLAMES!



KUNWARE EMERGED FROM THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, WEAPONLESS BARELY ESCAPING WITH HIS LIFE AS THE DIRT WALLS CAVED IN AND SMOTHERED THE SUBTERRANEAN FIRE...

KUNWAR SIGHTED HORSEMEN FAR OFF, AND RECOGNIZED THE ROYAL ESCUTCHEON OF BRUNDENMARYR...

BUT HE WAS NOT GREETED AS HE WOULD HAVE EXPECTED...

NO!
NO!

EEEE-
ARGGH!

STRANGE...IT'S
CRY SOUNDED
ALMOST
HUMAN!

DOUBTLESS
THIS IS THE MONSTER
THAT KILLED THE
MEN WE FOUND
EARLIER!

PERHAPS THEIR
SOULS WILL FIND
SOME PEACE NOW
THAT WE HAVE
SLAIN THEIR
MURDERER!

YES, KUNWAR WOULD REST WELL, AND THE DEMON OF THE BLACK FORREST WOULD STALK NO MORE! TOO BAD THAT KUNWAR GOT THE **SHARP** END OF THE STICK! OH WELL, ON TO MY NEXT GAGGING GRAPHIC STORY...

RECOGNIZE THE NAME **REGIS O'NEILL**? NO? **SHAME ON YOU!** REGIS IS A **WRITER**, A FAMOUS WRITER OF **HORROR STORIES**. THE KIND THAT PUT YOU UNDER YOUR BED, QUAKING WITH FEAR! BUT NOW POOR REGIS HAS A PROBLEM... HE'S RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS! STILL, THERE MAY BE A SOLUTION! HE'S JUST BOUGHT A HOUSE! ONE WITH ITS OWN...



GALLERY OF HORROR

THE OLD **BIERCE HOUSE** STOOD STARK AND SOMBER UPON THE CRAGGY HILLTOP, WRAPPED IN BOILING STORM CLOUDS, GLUTTING ITSELF WITH THE DEEPENING SHADOWS OF EVENING! TO THE COUNTRY FOLK OF COLLIN COUNTY, IT WAS A PLACE TO BE SHUNNED, TO BE FEARED FOR NAMELESS REASONS! BUT TO **REGIS O'NEILL**, IT WAS THE INSPIRATION HE SO DESPERATELY NEEDED!

WELL, THERE SHE IS, MR. O'NEILL... **THE OLD BIERCE PLACE!** YOU'VE SIGNED ALL THE PAPERS AND YOUR MONEY'S GOOD, BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, **I CAN'T UNDERSTAND...**

I HAVE MY REASONS, MR. BILLOWS! **GOOD REASONS!**

THANK THE LORD FOR **MADMEN!** THOUGHT I'D **NEVER** SELL THE **BIERCE PLACE!** AND IT TOOK **TWENTY YEARS**, AT THAT!

LOOK AT THE OLD FOOL GO! THIS PLACE REALLY GIVE FOLKS THE CREEPS... ESPECIALLY AFTER DARK!

WELL THEN, I'LL BE ON MY WAY, MR. O'NEILL... IF YOU DON'T MIND!

CERTAINLY! I'LL BE FINE! **JUST FINE!**

...AND THAT'S GOOD! GREAT, IN FACT! HERE I CAN'T HELP BUT GET IN THE MOOD TO WRITE MY **HORROR STORIES!**



REGIS CLIMBED
THE **WORM-ROTTEN**
LANDINGS, UP
TOWARD THE
INKY SILHOUETTE
THAT WAS
BIERCE HOUSE!



MARVELOUS!
JUST MARVELOUS
THE PLACE REEKS
OF THE **MYSTERIOUS**,
THE **HORRIBLE...**
THE **UNCANNY!**

ONCE INSIDE, THE SETTING PROVED EVEN
MORE **GROTESQUE**, THE ATMOSPHERE
THICK WITH **DARK MYSTERY...**



NOW EVEN
I FEEL IT...
A **CHILL**,
A **DREAD...**
PULLING
AT MY MIND!



REGIS TRIPPED, FELL
SCREAMING LIKE A
CHILD, EXPECTING TO
BE TORN TO PIECES
BY THE **HIDEOUS**
APARITION, BUT...

IT'S A PICTURE...
JUST A PAINTING...
BUT SO **LIFE-LIKE**,
AND SO... **SO**
GHASTLY!



LOCK'S
RUSTY...
PROBABLY
HASN'T BEEN
USED FOR
YEARS!

AND THEN...



GASP
MY GOD!
KEEP AWAY
FROM
ME!



THANK GOD I'M A
RATIONAL MAN!
NO WONDER THE
HICKS SHUN THIS
PLACE! **SHUDDER!**

BUT THE FIRST PAINTING WAS NOT UNIQUE! THERE WERE OTHERS, EVEN MORE SINISTER...

DOZENS OF THEM, LINING THE WALLS, EACH MORE DEPRAVED THAN THE ONE BEFORE! AND... IT **MUST BE...** IT IS!

...A SCENE FROM **POE'S PREMATURE BURIAL**, COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL!

...AND THIS, FROM **HAEART'S DARKLOCK TERROR!**

AS REGIS MOVED AMONG THE PAINTINGS, HE FELT A **DAWNING CERTAINTY...** A CERTAINTY THAT MADE HIS **FLESH CRAWL...**

SOMEHOW THESE PAINTINGS... THE HORROR STORIES DIDN'T INSPIRE THEM, **THEY WERE THE INSPIRATION FOR THE STORIES!**

ALMOST TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, REGIS PREPARED FOR BED...

LUCKILY FOR ME, ALL THE PAINTINGS HAVEN'T BEEN USED! THOSE THAT REMAIN WILL **INSPIRE ME!** I'LL BE MORE **FAMOUS THAN EVER!**

NOT MUCH OF A BED, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO UNTIL THE VAN BRINGS MY THINGS TOMORROW!

BUT WHEN REGIS AWOKE, THE MORNING HADN'T YET ARRIVED...

THAT **NOISE...** FROM **DOWNSTAIRS!** A SCUTTling SOUND... MAYBE A BADGER!

ARMED WITH A SHOE TO SCARE
OFF THE INVADING ANIMAL,
REGIS CROPT TO THE TOP
OF THE STAIRS, BUT...



GOOD
LORD,
THAT'S
NO **BADGER**.

BUT THE DOOR WAS
LOCKED...AND BOLTED!



STRANGE! I'M
SURE I SAW
SOMEONE! BUT
I **COULDN'T HAVE**
...NOT WITH THE
DOOR BOLTED!

MORNING CAME AND WITH IT THE VAN,
BUT REGIS HADN'T FORGOTTEN THE
PREVIOUS NIGHT!



SURE, MR.
O'NEILL! I
CAN GET
YOU A **DOG**,
A REAL
KILLER!

FINE, HODGES!
I'LL FEEL
SAFER WITH
A **WATCHDOG**
UP HERE!

THAT EVENING, HODGES
RETURNED WITH THE DOG...



DON'T LET
HIM FOOL
YOU, MR.
O'NEILL. LET
SOMEONE BREAK
INTO YOUR PLACE
AND BUTCH'LL
TEAR 'EM TO
SHREDS!

AN UNEVENTFUL WEEK
PASSED! REGIS WROTE
LATE INTO EVERY NIGHT
WHILE BUTCH STOOD
GUARD ON THE
FLOOR BELOW...



A **DOZEN**
STORIES
ALREADY AND
EVERYONE A
MASTERPIECE!
I'LL...

HEY, BUTCH,
HEY BOY!
WHAT IS IT?

ARF!
ARF!
GURRR

THEN, AS REGIS DASHED
TO THE BALUSTRADE...

**BUTCH!
SOMETHINGS
GOT
BUTCH!**

OWHERRRR

REGIS RETREATED UP THE STAIRS,
BACK TO HIS BEDROOM...

THE PAINTINGS...
SOMEHOW... NO,
THAT'S MADNESS
THERES A
LOGICAL
EXPLANATION...
A MANIAC OR...

THE HOWLING SHRIEKS CEASED
ABRUPTLY! ARMED WITH A LANTERN AND
GUN, REGIS HURRIED DOWN THE STAIRS,
ONLY TO FIND...

HE'S DEAD...
BROKEN
LIKE A
RAG DOLL!

BUT REGIS KNEW IT WAS THE PAINT-
INGS, KNEW IN HIS HEART, EVEN BEFORE
HE HEARD THE FINAL PROOF...

...COMING UP
THE STAIRS!
SOMETHING BIG,
MONSTEROUS...
CLIMBING UP
AFTER ME!

GLUMP!

GLUMP!

GLUMP!

SHAKING WITH TERROR, REGIS CLUTCHED THE PISTOL HE KNEW WOULD BE USELESS AND WAITED, BUT...



THAT **CRASHING** SOUND! THE THING'S **FALLEN** FROM THE STAIRS!

CRASH!

BUT REGIS HAD BEEN **WRONG!** WHEN MORNING CAME, HE CREEPT OUT TO MAKE A CAUTIOUS EXAMINATION...



INCREDIBLE! IT FELL **THROUGH** THE STAIRS! IT'S WEIGHT MUST HAVE BEEN VAST! LIKE...



...LIKE *GASP*! THE CREATURE IN **THAT** PAINTING, A ROCK DEMON!

NO! NOT LIKE, **BUT THE SAME!** THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION! THE **PAINTINGS...** SOMEHOW THEY **COME TO LIFE!**



REGIS KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE LIKE BUTCH HAD...



MY STORIES BE DAMNED AND THESE PAINTINGS, TOO! I'LL GO BACK TO MY **OLD WAY** OF WRITING! IT'S A LOT **SAFER!** **THAT'S CERTAIN!**

THERE! THE **LAST** OF THEM! NOW **BURN** ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE HELL YOU CAME FROM!



AS REGIS RETURNED TO **BIERCE HOUSE**, IT SEEMED FAR LESS SINISTER! BUT STILL, SOMETHING LEFT HIM UNEASY...

ALL DAY THE **NAGGING UNCERTAINTY** REMAINED, UNTIL...

MUST BE MY NERVES! I KNOW I DESTROYED **EVERY PAINTING...** MADE **CERTAIN** OF IT!

GETTING DARK OUTSIDE! AND MY UNEASINESS IS GETTING **WORSE!** CAN'T EVEN CONCENTRATE ON WHAT I'M WRITING!

I'LL MAKE A CHECK...ANOTHER ONE! CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT...

REGIS SEARCHED UPSTAIRS, THE DOWN, THEN IN THE **PARLOR...**

NOTHING! NOTHING BUT NERVES... **WHA?** THAT SOUND FROM...

REGIS LOOKED UP IN TIME TO SEE THE **BLACK, PENDULOUS SHAPE** FALLING TOWARD HIM FROM THE ROTUNDA HIGH OVERHEAD! THE SHAPE WAS COMING FAST, **TERRIBLY FAST** AND THERE WAS TIME FOR ONLY A SINGLE SCREAM!

WHEEEEEEE

NO LUCK, SHERIFF! THAT O'NEILL JUST AIN'T HERE! THAT'S CERTAIN!

WELL, WE HAD TO CHECK, DIDN'T WE! BUT IF YOU ASK ME, HE WAS A **NUT** FROM THE START...

...WHY ELSE WOULD A FELLA TRY TO LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE **THIS?**

SEEMS TO ME REGIS GOT A LITTLE **TOO WRAPPED UP** IN HIS WORK! OR MAYBE I SHOULD JUST SAY, THAT WRAPS UP THIS TERROR TALE!

THE END

The ZEPHAL SWORD

by NICOLA CUTI and TOM SUTTON

THE JADE COLORED SKIES OF SOD ARE DARKER ABOVE THE CASTLE OF JUBB THAN ANYWHERE ELSE ON THE PENINSULA. THE BLACK PUTRID WATERS OF THE MYNK SEA POUND ANGRILY ON THE BASE ROCK SPEWING FORTH THE HALF EATEN FLESH AND ACID MARROWED BONES OF THE SEA BEASTS WHO HAD DIED IN STRUGGLES FATHOMS BELOW THE WAVES.

WITHIN THESE STONE WALLS DWELLS JUBB, AN OGRE OF TERRIBLE POWER AND CUNNING!

FROM THE GENTLE LAND OF OVE, WHICH SITS AT THE NECK OF THE PENINSULA, JUBB DEMANDS A YEARLY TRIBUTE OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN

KNIGHTS FROM Q, SNRK, AARA, DED, HELATHNECCON AND CYBRO HAVE COME TO OVE'S AID ONLY TO FORFEIT THEIR LIVES AND OFTEN...

THEIR HEADS!

THE OVEIANS WERE GRIEVED WHEN THEY VIEWED THE DECAPITATED WARRIORS, BUT NONE WERE STRUCK WITH SUCH GRAVE DISAPPOINTMENT AS TOK THE ROYAL MAGICIAN.

WITHIN HIS WORKSHOP THE SORCERER SETS A SPELL UPON A SWORD HE HAS FASHIONED HIMSELF.

FOR A TIME, TOK WATCHES THE YOUTHFUL PRINCE TRAIN FOR HIS KNIGHTHOOD, THEN...

IT IS A MAGNIFICENT SWORD, TOK! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO EARN IT - SLAY JUBB?

MY FATHER SAYS THAT I AM NOT YET READY FOR SUCH A TASK, THOUGH I HAVE ASKED HIM MANY TIMES!

DARE YOU DEFEY THE KING?

FOOLS! THEY SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY MAGIC WITH THEM! NOW I MUST PLACE EVERYTHING IN THE HANDS OF A BOY!

LAD! CEASE YOUR PRACTICE FOR A WHILE, I WISH TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT IN RETURN FOR AN ERRAND!

I COVER YOU, MY PRIDE, MY CREATION, WITH THE VAPORS OF INVULNERABILITY, SERVE THE YOUNG PRINCE WELL AND STRIKE DEATH TO JUBB, WHEN THE BOY DELIVERS YOU!

TELL ME, BRAVE KNIGHTS, DO YOU LANCE-A-LOT OR RACE FOR YOUR MACE WHEN A CHALLENGE IS HURLED? NAY, A KNIGHT'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS SWORD, ESPECIALLY IF YOU CARRY...



YES I DARE, FOR IT IS MY OWN DAUGHTER WHO IS TO BE SACRIFICED TO THE LUSTS OF JUBB, I KNOW ERIC THAT YOU LOVE HER. I ASK YOU TO BE HER CHAMPION! DO YOU ACCEPT?



OF COURSE! FOR HER I WOULD GLADLY LAY DOWN MY LIFE!

DONOT RIDE THE *PATH* TO THE CASTLE OR YOU WILL BE *SLAIN*. LONG BEFORE YOU REACH IT!

RIDE TO THE NORTHEAST END OF THE SWAMP THERE ANOTHER MOUNT WILL BE WAITING TO TAKE YOU ACROSS!

SAY NOTHING TO MY FATHER, TOK AND FAREWELL!



AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF SOD, ERIC AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF HIS *SECOND* MOUNT.



WHAT COULD BE KEEPING IT? HELLO, SOMETHING ADVANCES THIS WAY

OH... LORD!

THE ONLY CREATURE CAPABLE OF CROSSING THE SWAMP- A GIANT SLUG!



TOK MUST BE MAD!

IT WILL TAKE ME MONTHS TO CROSS SOD ON THIS THING!

LET'S BE OFF SLUG, WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO!

I SAID LET'S MOVE!



OH! YOU ARE MOVING!

IS THIS A TROT OR A GALLOP?

THOUGH NOT ALL THE CREATURES OF THE SWAMP ARE MONSTERS... THE GENTLE ARE NOT LONG LASTING IN SOD!



IT'S ONLY A STREAM,
WE CAN CROSS IT
EASILY.



THERE! I DON'T
SEE WHY THEY
CONSIDER THIS
PLACE DANGEROUS!



THERE IS A
SICKNESS WHICH
ALL TRAVELERS
AND WARRIORS
SUCCUMB TO-
LONLINESS.
BY THE NIGHT
FIRE, ERIC
FEELS THE
FEVER OF
THIS DISEASE.

SLUG, SLUG, I SPEAK TO
YOU BUT YOU NEVER
ANSWER.

IF ONLY MY BELOVED
NINA WAS HERE!



BUT I AM HERE, ERIC!
I HAVE BEEN AT YOUR
SIDE EVER SINCE MY
FATHER GAVE ME TO
YOU!

YOU HAD ONLY TO SPEAK
MY NAME, FOR ME TO
TAKE MY TRUE FORM!



IS MY LONGING CAUSING
DELUSIONS, OR HAS TOK
ACHIEVED HIS FIRST
SPELL?

PRAISES!
YOU ARE
REAL, BUT
NOW I AM
WITHOUT
A
SWORD!

SAY MY NAME
BACKWARDS
AND I WILL
AGAIN BE
THE VORPAL
SWORD!

UNTIL THEN
I WILL PROVIDE
YOU WITH...
COMPANION-
SHIP!



BY NIGHT, NINA FILLED ERIC'S LONELY HOURS WITH LOVE SO THAT HE NO LONGER COMPLAINED OF THE SLUG'S SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH THE SWAMP.



BY DAY, THE VORPAL SWORD'S INVINCIBILITY GIVES THE INEXPERIENCED WARRIOR COURAGE BEYOND HIS YEARS.



AT LEAST WE EAT WELL, EH SLUG? AS FOR MY DARLING NINA, SHE EATS VERY WELL.



HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW PLUMP SHE HAS BECOME?

I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, ERIC, THERE...



IS GOOD REASON FOR MY RECENT ROTUNDNESS... **ERIC!**

ERIC CRIES THE ENCHANTED WORD AND THE TRANSFORMATION IS INSTANTANEOUS.



ANIN!

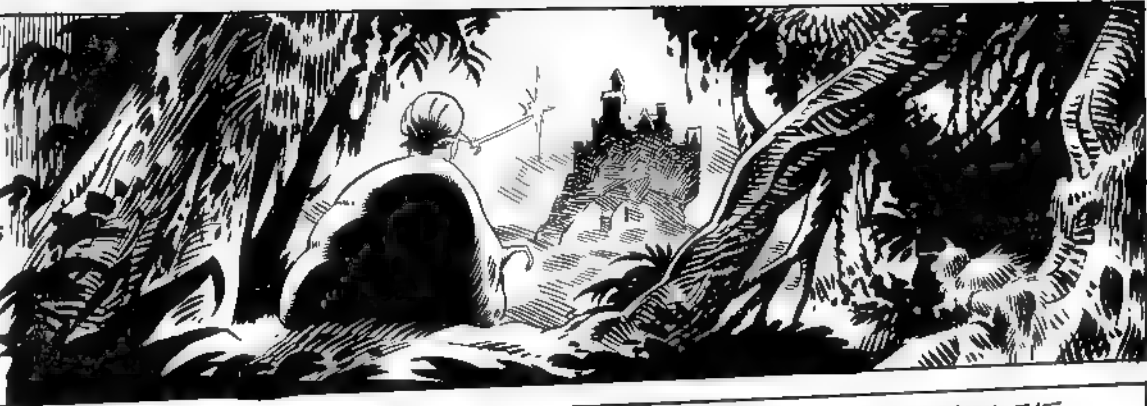
THE DYING BEAST STRUGGLES THROUGH A MACABRE DANCE OF DEATH!



FROM HERE ON YOU HAD BEST REMAIN A SWORD. I NEED YOUR STEEL-FLESH NOW SO THAT I'LL HAVE YOUR SOFT-FLESH LATER!



THE
CASTLE
IS IN
SIGHT.
IT WILL
TAKE
ONLY
WEEKS
NOW
FOR
ERIC
TO
REACH
IT.



HERE IS WHERE
WE PART COMPANY
OLD FRIEND.
DO NOT WAIT
TOO LONG
FOR MY
RETURN!



DESPITE ERIC'S CLANDESTINE APPROACH TO THE
CASTLE, HE FINDS THAT HE HAS BEEN EXPECTED
HOWEVER, HE HAS FOUGHT TOO MANY BATTLES THESE
PAST MONTHS TO FEAR THIS COMING ONE WITH JUBB!



AS ERIC NEARS THE DRAWBRIDGE,
HIS SWORD BECOMES ENTANGLED
WITHIN THE COILS OF AN INVISIBLE
FORCE AND IS WRENCHED
FROM HIS GRIP!



LOADSTONE!
MY SWORD IS MAGNI-
TIZED TO IT, BUT THERE
IS AN EASIER WAY TO
FREE IT!

LOADSTONE
HAS NO EFFECT
ON FLESH!



NI...





NOW! IN ONE BOOK!!

THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF

FLASH GORDON COMIC STRIPS!

**152-PAGE HARD COVER
11" X 14" PICTURE BOOK**



THEY'RE ALL HERE! You'll thrill as Flash battles Ming the Merciless, the huge Ice-Worm of Frigia, Brukka the Giant, the Power-Men of Mongo and more!



AMAZING SPACE-AGE ADVENTURES!

Here are collected the fantastic adventures of science-fiction comics' greatest hero—FLASH GORDON as written and drawn by master artist Alex Raymond! Here's all the excitement of today's Space Age in never-to-be-forgotten episodes created over thirty years ago! Here are the very same characters and eerier situations which formed the basis for Hollywood's famous movie serials starring Buster Crabbe!

UNBELIEVABLE WEIRD CREATURES!

When Flash, Dale Arden and Dr. Zarkov rocketed into space for the first time in 1934, ahead lay countless perils amid the unbelievable creatures and monsters of far distant worlds! Over the years these early strips have become true collectors' items with frantic fans paying as much as \$150 for a book of comic reprints. Now, for the first time, these classic adventures have been preserved in a quality hard-cover book weighing almost four pounds! A large 11" x 14" in size, each page represents a complete Sunday strip—altogether 139 strips in continuous sequence plus the famous "first" strip in full color! Printed on top quality, time-defying paper this fabulous book is designed to last and will give you many hours of enjoyment! Truly, it's the . . .

BUY OF A COLLECTOR'S LIFETIME!

ONLY
\$13⁹⁵

**PLUS 85¢ POSTAGE
AND HANDLING**

SPECIAL ADDED

An introductory biography of Alex Raymond by noted artist Al Williamson, leading exponent of the 'Raymond style' today and a contributor to Warren Publications!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
MAIL TODAY TO:

CAPTAIN COMPANY

**P.O. BOX 5987, GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

**U.S. ORDERS ONLY
NO C.O.D.'S**



EERIE FAN FARE

The illustrations on our Fan Fare pages this issue were taken from **LA' CITE' SANS NOM** (The City Without a Name) by Philippe Druillet, of Paris, France. Philippe's art seems to take up where Virginia Jenkins' **TOMB OF ANKH-RA** leaves off, eh, readers?



Philippe Druillet: ghoulish Gaul.

THE TOMB OF ANKH-RA

by Virginia Jenkins

In some parts of Egypt, the old gods still reign.

It wasn't until the death of my father that I first met Sir Lawrence Williams, the renowned Egyptologist. They had been friends at the University and had kept up a lively correspondence over the last 25 years. Two days after the funeral, I received a cable from Sir Lawrence telling me that it had been my father's wish that I become his ward until I was twenty-five.

And so it was that I left America and journeyed to London. Sir Lawrence was a true gentleman, thoroughly dedicated to his profession. In fact, he seemed totally obsessed by it. As his ward and secretary, his obsession was to become mine.

In the spring of 1923, we

left for Egypt on an expedition in search of the tomb of Pharaoh Ankh-Ra. It was not certain he had ever really existed, but the legends about him were persistent. Supposedly, he had been a ruler in the days when the gods walked among men and Ankh-Ra had been a favorite of Bast, the cat goddess.

When he died, said the legends, she remained at his tomb for three days and three nights to mourn his passing. At the end of this time, she made a sacred promise to protect his resting place against future intruders.

Centuries passed and the desert sands, as if in keeping with the cat goddess's wishes, covered the tomb from sight. And it was forgotten. Forgotten, that is, except in the minds of old men who would tell the old legends in the flick-

ering light of desert campfires.

Somehow, the story reached Sir Lawrence, who took it to the British Egyptology Society. They financed an expedition, and put Sir Lawrence in charge of it.

It was well into July when we reached the valley, remote and secure from prying eyes. As digging began, strange things also began to happen. And an odd feeling of uneasiness came over me.

On the first day of digging, two of our strongest workmen died mysteriously. Several pieces of equipment became rusty and useless, though they were brand new and we were in the middle of a hot, dry desert.

On the second day, Sir Lawrence was stricken by a mysterious fever. But he continued to push himself and the others at a grueling pace. It



Fantastic Philippe Druillet portrays man seeking The City Without a Name (above picture) and stumbles into secret entrance (shown below).





Deeper into the City Without a Name ventures the hero, encountering labyrinth and corridor and maze in the inwardly-convoluting pyramid, until at the center he encounters the Nameless Terrors (below).

was then that our workers began to talk among themselves. A curse was upon us, they said. I tried to convince Sir Lawrence that perhaps they were right, and we should leave. But he dismissed the talk as childish and foolish.

By the evening of the third day, everyone in our camp was feeling the tension. It was then we saw it: A huge black cat appeared in the edge of our firelight. Slowly on velvet paws, she moved closer to us. The large amber eyes gleamed with a light greater than that of the fire. The ears were pointed and straight, the mouth was curved and two ivory fangs showed as she approached.

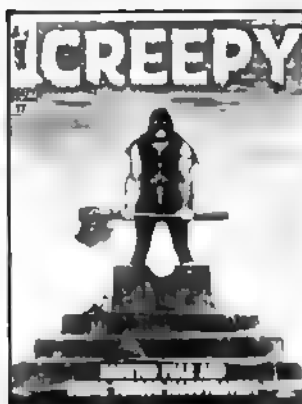
We were all transfixed by her stare. She slowly rubbed against Sir Lawrence's leg, mewling softly as she did. The sound rose to a crescendo as she leaped into his lap and put her front paws on his chest. Their eyes met and she licked his throat. Then she vanished as though she had never been there at all. He laughed nervously and passed it all off as a trick of mass hypnosis brought on by the desert heat.



His fever increased that night, and by morning, he was delirious. He kept railing at the workers, saying they were not working fast enough, though indeed they were moving faster than they should in that heat. By noon he could hardly speak. His eyes were red, his mouth swollen.

Fear filled the camp and work stopped by mid-afternoon. Sir Lawrence staggered from his tent and tried to get the workers moving again, but his efforts were wasted. He picked up a shovel and began digging himself. He worked in a frenzy until sundown when his shovel struck solid rock. The noise rang through the desert stillness, and then the first sound passed from his feverish lips. A hideous scream. He fell to the ground, writhing convulsively, screaming over and over the single word, BASTI.

We ran to him. He was sprawled face down in the sand. I gently turned him over and froze in horror! He was dead. Blood was pouring from a wound in his throat. In exactly the spot where the cat had licked him!



Frazetta's mighty executioner.

HEADSMAN by Don Allen

One who is worshipped, one who is ruthless and one who is feared. Do I write of an animal? Or a god? Surely it could not be a mere man.

But it is a man. And he stands here in all his majestic splendor. The black hood covers his massive head to the base of his thick neck. His chest is like that of some huge animal with an outer covering of leather and black hair. His skintight trousers show powerful bulging leg muscles.

His axe is razor sharp and covered with the blood of a thousand luckless victims.

As I am led up the stair, I

ponder many things. A vision flies past, and with no effort, I am able to call it back. To my great horror, I find it is the headsmen. A question crosses my mind: Why does he do this terrible thing. Could it possibly be for the money? Yes, it is very possible, for he is paid 50 pieces of silver for every execution.

But I think not. For there is no price great enough to pay a man for killing his fellow man. Unless he is insane. And surely the headsmen cannot be mad.

Then the realization hits me. He does this because he enjoys it. He actually enjoys watching blood spurt from a man's headless neck!

They order me to place my head upon the block. As I lean forward, I see a twinkle of enjoyment in the man's hooded eye. Or am I just imagining things? A man about to die usually does imagine wild things, doesn't he?

But even as the axe whistles through the air, I hear an evil, merciless laugh. And I know. I know he laughs as I once did.

Send your drawings, or poems, or pictures or stories or whatever to:

ERIE FAN FARE
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017



"MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL! WHO'S THE GRUESOMEEST OF THEM ALL? WHOOPS! IT BROKE INTO A MILLION PIECES! OH WELL! LET'S HOPE OUR HERO WON'T HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM AS HE DISCOVERS A MIRROR WHICH WILL SOON BECOME A..."

STRANGE GATEWAY!

SOMEWHERE IN THE COLD CITY, AN AGE-OLD RITUAL IS TAKING PLACE... THE BUYING OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LOVED ONE! CHARLES DENWOOD HAS FOUND A QUAIN OLD CURIO SHOP, AND THERE..."



AH, YES! A PRESENT FOR YOUR WIFE! MAY I SUGGEST THIS MIRROR! A REAL ANTIQUE--VERY OLD--VERY LOVELY! ONLY TWENTY DOLLARS! A BARGAIN AT TWICE THE PRICE!

TWENTY DOLLARS! A LOT OF MONEY! BUT VERA DESERVES THE BEST... I KNOW SHE'D LOVE THIS MIRROR!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT!

WITH PLODDING FOOTSTEPS, CHARLES MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE SNOW!

IF I HURRY, I'LL MAKE IT HOME BEFORE VERA GETS BACK FROM WORK! I'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE THIS SO SHE WON'T FIND IT--UNTIL CHRISTMAS!

SOON, BACK AT HIS APARTMENT...

MAYBE SOMEDAY
I'LL HAVE ENOUGH
MONEY TO BUY
VERA A ROOM
FULL OF
PRESENTS!

THE
FRONT
DOOR...
THERE'S
VERA
NOW!



GOOD LORD!
YOUR HAND
-- IT'S
BLEEDING!
WHAT
HAPPENED?!

OH, IT'S
NOTHING!..



WHY, YOUR HAND IS SLASHED!
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED?!

I BROKE A DISH AT THE
RESTAURANT...



DIDN'T YOUR BOSS GIVE YOU ANY
FIRST AID?!

NO! (CHOKER) HE --
HE FIRED ME!

THERE, THERE -- IT'S
ALL RIGHT!



WE'LL GET
BY WITH
JUST MY
JOB...
SOMEHOW...

BUT WE
NEEDED
THAT
MONEY...



THAT NIGHT...

WHILE
VERA'S
ASLEEP I'LL
TAKE
ANOTHER
LOOK
AT HER
MIRROR!

GEE,
I HOPE
SHE
LIKES
IT!



SUDDENLY...

OH NO!
IT'S
FALLING
APART
ALREADY!

THUMP!



WHY DO I EVEN TRY ANYMORE?
WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE
THINGS I PROMISED VERA
WHEN I MARRIED HER
BUT SINCE THEN, THINGS
HAVE JUST GONE
FROM BAD TO
WORSE...



HIS MIND
CONJURES
UP A
GRIM
FANTASY...



THERE'S NO USE KIDDING MYSELF.
WE'VE BEEN GOING DOWNHILL
EVER SINCE OUR WEDDING
DAY! WE'VE LIVED IN
POVERTY AND MISERY...
AND IN THE END,
WE'LL DIE THAT
WAY...

WHY, THERE'S
SOME *WRITING*
ON THE BACK OF
THE MIRROR! IT LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD
LEGEND OF SOME
KIND!

IT
IS THEN
THAT HE
NOTICES THAT
SOMETHING VERY
STRANGE WAS RE-
VEALED WHEN THE
FALSE BACK FELL
FROM THE OLD MIRROR!

THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

AS HE
PONDERS
THESE
WORDS, HE
IS UNAWARE
THAT HIS
READING OF
THEM HAS
CALLED
FORTH A
MYSTERIOUS
BEING FROM
THE DEPTHS
OF THE PAST...

I GUESS
THINGS AREN'T
SO BAD AFTER
ALL! VERA WILL
LIKE IT MORE
NOW, KNOWING
THAT THERE'S
AN OLD LEGEND
THAT GOES
WITH IT!

HE WHO PASSES THROUGH
THIS MIRROR WILL PASS
INTO A WORLD THE EXACT
OPPOSITE OF OURS. SUCH
IS THE SPELL OF MARNÓ
THE SORCERER.

HE IS
ONLY
VAGUELY
UNEASY
AS HE
SOMEHOW
SENSES
A
STRANGE
PRESENCE...

THAT'S
STRANGE! I
FEEL AS IF I'M
BEING COMPELLED TO
TOUCH THE MIRROR!

IT IS ONLY AT THE MOMENT HIS HAND CONTACTS
THE MIRROR THAT HE REALIZES THAT HE IS INDEED
DEALING WITH THE FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! BUT
HE DOES NOT HEAR THE LAUGH OF A MAN DEAD
MANY CENTURIES... MARNÓ THE SORCERER!

MY HAND! IT'S PASSING THROUGH THE
MIRROR! THE LEGEND IS TRUE!





GOT TO GET LOOSE
SOMEHOW! AH, THERE!
I THINK I'VE GOT
IT COMING!



I MADE
IT!



I TRY TO
BUY SOMETHING
FOR VERA... AND I
ALMOST GIVE HER
THIS CURSED
MONSTROSITY!



IF SHE HAD
TOUCHED IT,
IT MIGHT
HAVE DRAWN
HER INTO A
HIDEOUS
WORLD OF
UNKNOWN
HORRORS!



THE MIRROR
MUST BE
DESTROYED!

BUT AS HE
SWINGS
THE
HAMMER...

THE MIRROR! I'M
FALLING INTO IT!
YA-A-A-A-AH!

THROUGH AN
EERIE VOID OF
MYSTERY, HE
TUMBLES--
OVER AND OVER
...AND FINALLY
STOPS...
UPRIGHT!!

NOTHING BROKEN!
...I GUESS I'M
ALL RIGHT!

WHY, IT'S NOT
A WORLD OF
HORRORS AFTER
ALL! IT LOOKS
LIKE A PARADISE!

HE LOOKS AROUND AND
SEES... THE GENTLE
PEOPLE OF THE MIRROR
WORLD APPROACH HIM...

THEY WELCOME HIM AND HE RETURNS THEIR WARM, FRIENDLY SMILE...

GREETINGS, FRIEND! YOU ARE WELCOME HERE!

THIS LAND! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!!



YOU SEE, IF AN EVIL MAN WERE TO TRY TO COME HERE, HE WOULD BE DESTROYED IN THE VOID BEFORE HE EVER EVEN REACHED OUR LAND! ONLY THOSE WHO DESERVE TO ENTER ARE ABLE TO CROSS THROUGH!



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! A WORLD THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF OURS! OURS IS FULL OF HATE AND WAR AND POVERTY-- AND THIS-- THIS IS THE EXACT OPPOSITE!



ONE OF THE MIRROR MEN TELLS A STRANGE TALE...

THIS LAND WAS SETTLED BY PEOPLE FROM YOUR WORLD MANY CENTURIES AGO! FROM TIME TO TIME WE HAVE HAD OTHER IMMIGRANTS SUCH AS YOURSELF! WE KNOW THE POWER OF THE MIRROR... AND OF MARNO, THE SORCERER WHO CREATED IT!



OVERJOYED, CHARLES STEPS BACK INTO THE MIRROR...

I'M SORRY, MY FRIENDS! I HAVE TO GO BACK-- FOR NOW! THERE'S SOMEONE IN MY WORLD I COULD NEVER LEAVE BEHIND! BUT I WILL RETURN!



IN THE FLICKERING OF AN EYE, HE HAS TRAVERSED THE VOID AND IS BACK IN HIS APARTMENT.

I MADE IT BACK! NOW I MUST TELL VERA!



CHARLES ... WHAT...?

VERA! COME, GET UP! I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU-- A MOST **WONDERFUL** GIFT...



A GIFT?! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPENT A LOT OF MONEY ON ME! AND IT ISN'T CHRISTMAS YET...



I KNOW YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT I'VE FOUND A STRANGE GATEWAY TO ANOTHER WORLD-- A BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF PEACE AND LOVE! THERE WILL BE NO MORE HUNGER FOR US! PLEASE BELIEVE ME... AND FOLLOW ME!



I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU!

IT'S TRUE!

YES! FOR US, AT LEAST, IT IS!



AND WHO KNOWS, LITTLE FIENDS ... MAYBE YOU'LL BE THE NEXT TO FIND THE MIRROR! THEN YOU TOO WILL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... UNLESS YOU'RE EVIL OF COURSE! BUT SURELY NO ONE I KNOW COULD BE-- OOPS!



HMMM... PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH OUR **NEXT** STORY...

AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

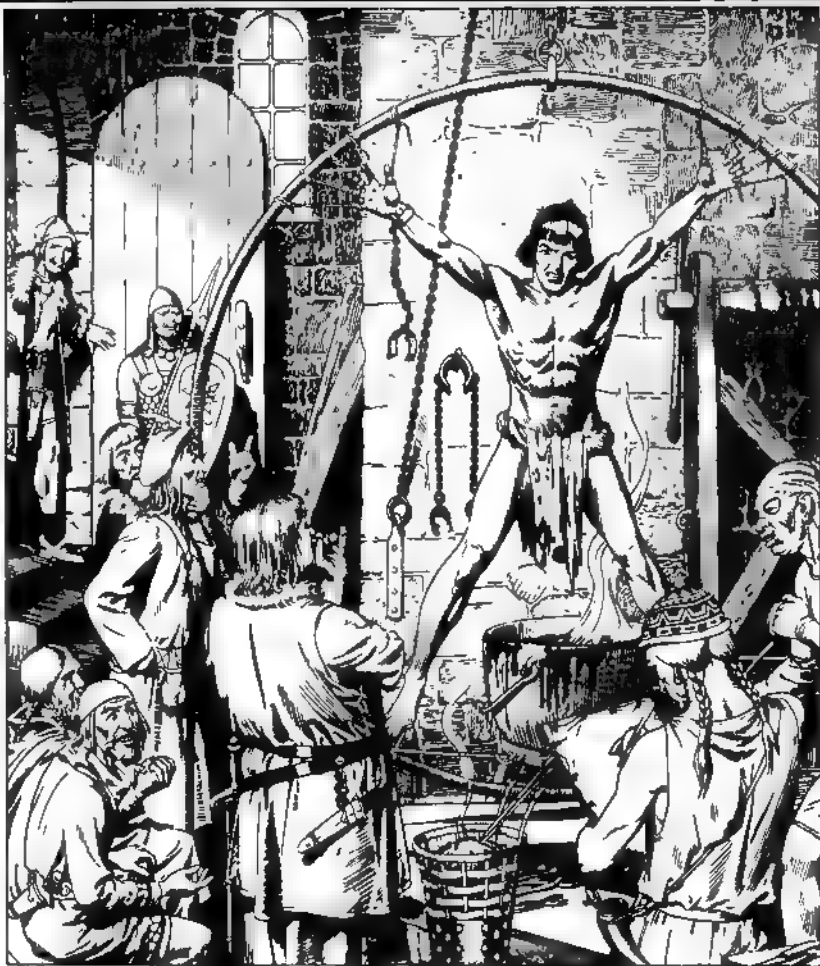
**HARD-COVER BOOKS
LARGE 7" x 10" SIZE
128 EXCITING PAGES.**

Here is your once in a lifetime opportunity to own this fascinating set of original, authentic adventure books. You'll thrill to the daring exploits of Prince Valiant, popular comics hero!

**Every Page Fully
ILLUSTRATED
By The Great
HAL FOSTER**

Follow Prince Valiant, Knight of King Arthur's Round Table as he wields the mighty Singing Sword for justice everywhere. Follow him in his travels as he seeks out tyrants, thieves and marauding armies, engaging them in heroic battles.

**QUALITY MADE BOOKS
TO LAST A LIFETIME**



From Book #5—"PRINCE VALIANT AND THE GOLDEN PRINCESS" No 2733

\$3.95



From Book #1—
"PRINCE VALIANT IN
THE DAYS OF KING
ARTHUR"
The youthful prince at
the famous round-table
No. 2729 \$3.95



From Book #2—
"PRINCE VALIANT
FIGHTS ATTILA THE HUN"
In gallant battle against
barbaric plundering
hordes
No 2730 \$3.95



From Book #3—
"PRINCE VALIANT ON
THE INLAND SEA"
Expedition across the
gleaming expanse of the
mysterious inland sea
No 2731 \$3.95



From Book #4—
"PRINCE VALIANT'S
PERILOUS VOYAGE"
Golden treasures lure
him to harrowing ad-
ventures in the jungles
of darkest Africa
No. 2732 \$3.95



From Book #6—
"PRINCE VALIANT
IN THE NEW WORLD"
Crosses the sea to the
new world before the
days of Columbus
No 2734 \$3.95



From Book #7—
"PRINCE VALIANT AND
THE THREE CHALLENGES"
The Great Prince faces a
ruthless king, black
magic and a horde of
savages
No. 2735 \$3.95

CONAN

THE MOST FANTASTIC FANTASY HERO IN FICTION! 10 SUPER-GREAT TITLES!

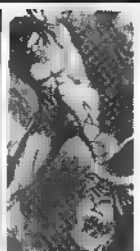
Thrill to the most savage battles of fantasy-adventure's mightiest hero! CONAN, the barbarian king! A powerful giant driven by animal lust, he braved the savagery of enemy hordes and sinister magic with a fierceness that knows no equal in adventure fiction. Get these triumphant epics of sword and sorcery! Order your copies by coupon!



FROM CONAN
THE CONQUEROR



FROM CONAN
OF THE ISLES



FROM CONAN
THE FREEBOOTER

DAFFIN CO.
P.O. BOX 5987
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Please RUSH my copies of Conan adventure books as marked. Special rate for all ten books—\$7.00 postage free. Otherwise, add 20¢ for each book to cover the cost of postage and handling.

Conan of Cimmeria 95¢	Conan 75¢
Conan	Conan
The Adventurer 75¢	The Freebooter 75¢
Conan	Conan
The Warrior 75¢	The Usurper 75¢
Conan	Conan
The Avenger 75¢	Of The Isles 75¢
Conan	Conan
The Wanderer 95¢	The Conqueror 75¢

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Zip _____



EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURFBOARD!

HEY! LOOK WHO'S RIDIN' THE BIG ONE IN TANDEM! IT'S DAVE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE WAS A BOARDLESS HODAD LIKE YOU AND ME!

WHAT GIVES, CUT-BUDDY? HOW'D YOU DIG UP THE COINS FOR THIS MEAN HUNK OF WOOD?

A CUSTOM JOB! AND I'M DOING WELL TO KEEP MYSELF IN SMOKE!

IF YOU THINK IT LOOKS GOOD, WAIT'LL YOU TRY IT!

NOT NOW, DAD! TOO WINDED FROM THE SMOKE I'D DO WELL TO PADDLE OUT THROUGH THE BREAKERS!

YOU'D DO WELL TO QUIT BURN'G UP YOUR POCKET MONEY ON CIGARETTES! I DID AND BANKED THE CASH INSTEAD... YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT WHAT IT GOT ME!

AND, MAN, I NEVER GET WINDED NOW!

MAKES SENSE! I'D TRADE A SMOKER'S COUGH FOR A BOARD LIKE THAT! LET'S GIVE IT A TRY! MAYBE IN A FEW MONTHS.

SMOKING DOESN'T PAY!

5 CIGARETTES A DAY COST \$32 OR MORE A YEAR!

10 CIGARETTES A DAY COST \$64 OR MORE A YEAR!

20 CIGARETTES A DAY COST \$128 OR MORE A YEAR!

WHY RISK YOUR HEALTH FOR CIGARETTES?

GREAT 8MM MONSTER MOVIES!



THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast! Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$8.95



I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I was a teenage Frankenstein! Teenage boy turns to horrifying Werewolf who menaces the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film Only \$5.95.



FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's earliest adversaries fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 160 feet, \$3.75.



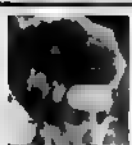
I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul! Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer 8mm, 200 feet, \$3.95.



REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

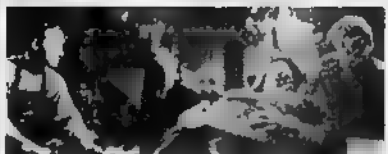
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet Black & White, \$6.95; Technicolor, \$14.95



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95



KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful AS THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER speak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMBS a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Wray and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A super-shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm, \$8.95



THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave in the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



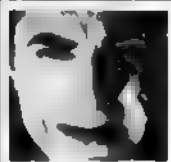
THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scenes after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 feet version, full of terror, torment and sensational shock. A must for the horror film collector. Half-hour running time. 8mm, \$10.95



BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, slinking through the London fog for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives one of the greatest performances of his career, in this classic film. Fiends, vampires, screams in this famous film. Add this to your collection . . . It is tops. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



Edgar Allan Poe's TELL TALE HEART

THIS FAMOUS SOUND MOVIE is available, at last, for private collectors. Edgar Allan Poe's creepy, eerie tale of "THE TELLTALE HEART" is a never-to-be-forgotten classic. Here, in 8mm Ultrasonic Sound, you get the original Columbia Pictures film. The incomparable James Mason gives a master narration. You will cherish this film. Order today 8mm Sound, 200 feet, \$13.95 plus 25c for postage

BELA LUGOSI CHILLS YOU THE HUMAN MONSTER



Original Edgar Wallace version, terrifying and chilling. Promises to haunt you again and again; a real shocker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, 8mm, \$11.95.

LON CHANEY AS THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MARY PHILBIN's famous "dungeon unmasking scene." Eerie and unearthly. Famous original movie scene, available for first time in 8mm. Add it to your collection \$4.95! Plus 25c postage

- ☐ The Werewolf, \$4.95
- ☐ I Was A Teenage Werewolf, \$5.95
- ☐ Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman, \$5.75
- ☐ I Was A Teenage Frankenstein, \$5.95
- ☐ Revenge Of Frankenstein, Black & White, \$6.95
- ☐ Revenge Of Frankenstein, Color, \$14.95
- ☐ Bride Of Frankenstein, \$5.75
- ☐ Son Of Frankenstein, \$5.95
- ☐ The Mummy, \$5.75
- ☐ The Mummy's Tomb, \$5.95
- ☐ The Vampire Bat, \$5.95
- ☐ Terror Of Dracula, \$10.95
- ☐ The Human Monster, \$11.95
- ☐ The Undead, \$5.95
- ☐ The Beast With Five Fingers, \$5.95
- ☐ Dracula, \$5.75
- ☐ Tell-Tale Heart, \$13.95
- ☐ Phantom Of The Opera, 50 Ft., \$4.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$..... plus 25c postage & handling for each film checked:

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP CODE NO.....

NEW! 8mm HOME MOVIE HORROR SHOCKERS ON FILM!

Own these fabulous terror thrillers for your very own. Now the same films that you read about in the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS can come alive on your home screen. You can run them again and again for the chill of your life. True weird classics, these productions represent the work of leading Hollywood producers, directors and casts. All films are approx. 200 feet in length, which is one COMPLETE reel. On standard 8mm home projectors each film is 15 FULL minutes of sinister cinema.



SON OF KONG

It picks up where KONG left off. Return with Carl Denham to Skull Island, see what new terrors are in store for him.

\$6.95



THE THING

From another world. One of the great Sci-Fi Classics. Is it Animal? Mineral? or Vegetable? James Arness plays "The Thing".

\$6.95

Bela Lugosi in MY SON THE VAMPIRE

This film was originally titled "Old Mother Riley Meets The Vampire". It was never distributed in the U.S. A real must for Lugosi fans.

\$6.95



The HUNCHBACK

of Notre Dame
Charles Laughton in his unforgettable performance as Quasimodo, the deformed bell ringer of Notre Dame. Supported by such great stars as *William C. Sullivan* and *Thomas Mitchell*.

\$6.95



Sweeping out of the sky on a rampage of destruction



BAT MEN \$6.95

OF AFRICA
After many breath-taking encounters with lions, savages, and Bat Men, Clyde Beatty and friends survive the terrifying earthquake that devastates the lost African city of Joba.



the MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN

A treat for all fans of Republic serials. Fast moving drama. 200 foot reel

\$6.95

400 foot reel

\$10.95

HUMAN MONSTER

Bela Lugosi stars in this great Edgar Wallace chiller. Two reels (400 feet of film.)

\$11.95



Mighty JOE YOUNG

Another triumph from the father of KONG Will's O'Brien. See the fantastic battle between Mighty Joe Young and the lions.

\$6.95



THE INVISIBLE GHOST...

Bela Lugosi in a thriller

\$5.95

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER...horror beyond belief!

\$5.95

THE VAMPIRE BAT...with Fay Wray, Lionell Atwell, and Melvin Douglas

\$5.95

HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR...scenes from PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME AND THE CAT AND THE CANARY **\$5.95**

SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT...terror in the shadows

\$5.95

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...with Lilli Palmer and Leslie Banks

\$5.95

TERROR OF DRACULA NOSFERATU...The original Dracula. 400 feet of film (2 reels) **\$10.95**

MISSILE TO THE MOON...earthmen on the moon

\$5.95

MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM...chills and suspense

\$5.95

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE INVISIBLE GHOST (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> SON OF KONG (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> MY SON THE VAMPIRE (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TERROR OF DRACULA (\$10.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> BAT MEN OF AFRICA (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SHE-MONSTER OF THE NIGHT (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MISSILE TO THE MOON (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MYSTERIOUS DR. SATAN (\$10.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE VAMPIRE BAT (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE THING (\$6.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> HUMAN MONSTER (\$11.95) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM (\$5.95) | <input type="checkbox"/> MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (\$6.95) |

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5887, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please rush me the films indicated for which I enclose \$... plus 35c postage & handling for each film checked.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

SCALE MODEL KITS Heroes, Monsters & Beasts of TV, Comics & Films!

"GHOULISH GLOW POWER"

Create your own horror film characters. Authentic life like model kits made of Styrene plastic. You paint them yourself with quick dry enamel and watch them glow in the dark.



**"GLOW"
FRANKENSTEIN**

The famous film monster 12" tall on a gravestone base. No. 2436 \$1.49



**"GLOW"
MUMMY**

Stands on sacred stones from Egyptian tomb with magic signs! No. 2441 \$1.49



**"GLOW"
PHANTOM
of the OPERA**

Frantic eyes on a face of horror No. 2438 \$1.49



**"GLOW"
WOLFMAN**

With his favorite play-mates! Ready to clutch his next victim. No. 2436 \$1.49



**"GLOW"
FORGOTTEN
PRISONER
of CASTELMARE**

No. 2440 \$1.49



**"GLOW"
DRACULA**

His fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. No. 2437 \$1.49

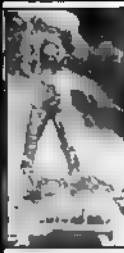


CAPTAIN AMERICA

The one and only Captain 'A' of comic book fame leaping into action, lifting his shield for justice. Authentic, accurate, exciting! 6" high. No. 2435 98¢

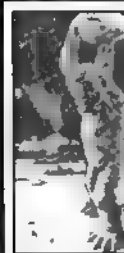


Exact model of the fabulous TV Spaceship. With upper and lower decks and real lifts. Full 18" long. No. 2448 \$2.49



LOST IN SPACE

From the TV science fiction series! Complete scene of the Family Robinson with one-eyed giant from outer space and space chariot. No. 2428 \$1.99



LOST IN SPACE

Out of space, one-eyed TV MONSTER in life and death battle with Family Robinson. Great! 11 1/2" high. No. 2425 98¢

FANTASTIC VOYAGE



The VOYAGER — authentically scaled TV space ship, down to the last detail. With hubble dome and crew. No. 429 \$1.49

Dr. EVIL OF CAPTAIN ACTION

A fully jointed fiend from outer space threatening the world with his merciless laser gun. No. 2450 \$3.95



THE BEATLES YELLOW SUBMARINE



No. 2451 \$1.99

ARCHIE'S CAR



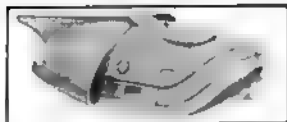
Your comicstrip favorite, his old jalopy, his girl friend and his funny dog. No. 2446 \$1.99



"CALL OF THE VOID"

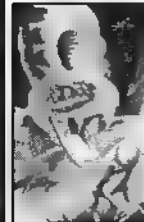
Has co-action space sensor with remote control. No. 2449 \$4.99

LAND OF THE GIANTS



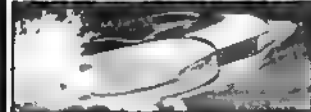
The spectacular TV SPACESHIP in perfect miniature. Make it yourself, color it just like the real one, and take an imaginary trip. No. 2430 \$1.99

"LAND OF THE GIANTS" SNAKE



Perfect replica of giant snake as seen on the TV series. In spectacular pose, fangs ready to strike 3 victims. No. 2431 \$1.99

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA



The FLYING SUB from the exciting TV Show. Complete with clear plastic display stand, removable roof showing control area, pilot and co-pilot. No. 2424 \$1.99

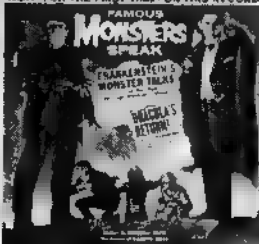
ADD 39¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH AND MAIL TO:

CAPTAIN COMPANY P.O. BOX 5987, GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

U.S. ORDERS ONLY NO C.O.D.'S

SPECIAL MONSTERRIFIC LONG-PLAYING RECORD ALBUMS

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THIS RECORD



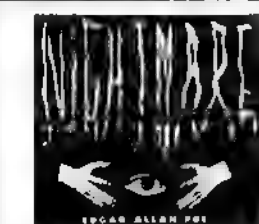
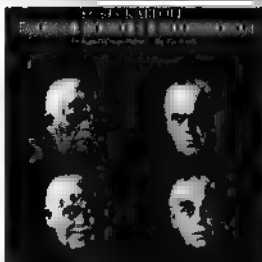
FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK

50 MINUTES OF SHEER TERROR—BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE EDITORS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE!

YOU ARE DR. FRANKENSTEIN—for only you can bring his horrible creation back to life . . . through the magic of this real-as-death high fidelity recording! And more! You will also bring Count Dracula back to life! You will hear this human vampire. You will almost feel him as he reaches out for you. This is a collector's item, available in limited edition. Order Today! Only \$1.98.

KARLOFF TELLS YOU "TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION"

Only as Karloff can tell H . . . "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" and "RIP VAN WINKLE" A brand new record by the master story-teller of horror and mystery. In all the frightening powers of his voice with the chilling background of special sound effects, you live the great classic horror tales of the headless horsemen. The night lives with terror and you sit in your room and hear the sounds and maybe if you look out your window, you'll catch a fast look at the night rider who roams the countryside. Only \$1.98



NIGHTMARE, ANYONE? You've heard of records in a humorous vein—well this one is **HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN**. A frightening narration from the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM** is tough on your nerves, but wait until you hear **THE TELL-TALE HEART**—Poe's most terrorizing stories. Only \$1.98.



THE OFFICIAL ADVENTURES OF FLASH GORDON, starring Buster Crabbe as Flash Gordon with Dale Arden, Dr. Zarkov and Ming The Merciless. Astounding Live-Action Tales on the Planet Mongo. Two complete adventures. Only \$1.98



HORROR—THE SON OF NIGHTMARE, a classic tale of terror spoken in eerie tones with the right kind of background music. Actually hearing this story told in your own home is enough to scare you out of your wits. Have your blood curdled by the tale of **THE BLACK CAT**, by **EDGAR ALLAN POE**. Only \$1.98.



A grim, ghostly, tale of horror that will fill you with lingering **FRIGHT**, written by the master of thriller-chillers—**Edgar Allan Poe**. You will remember **"THE HOUSE OF USHER"** this most famous tale with shuddering fear every time you're alone on a deserted street! A sinister narration by Richard Taylor. Only \$1.98.



FAMOUS GHOST & HORROR STORIES read by Nelson Olmstead, radio's famous sinister voice. Includes **THE SIGNAL MAN** by Charles Dickens, **THE MUMMY'S FOOT**, **WHAT WAS IT**, **THE BODY SNATCHER**, **OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE** and others. Only \$4.98.



On any Wednesday night in the late 30's and early 40's, when radio was king, the lights would be on in my house and the radio tuned to a program called **"LIGHTS OUT,"** directed by Arch Oboler, whose talent scared the wits out of America with this blood-chilling series. Here is a sampler of this pioneer of horror that has never been matched. Only \$5.98.



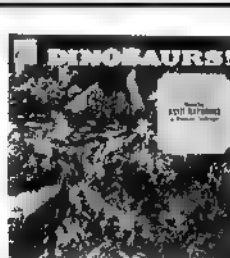
CLASSIC TALES OF TERROR to make you shiver in your boots. Be prepared for macabre action when you listen to these spine-tingling narrations penned by the master of the macabre **Edgar Allan Poe**. **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** and **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**, are among these best and most terrifying tales. Only \$1.98.



A wild **SPIKE JONES** album featuring **DRACULA**, **VAMPIRA** & **THE MAD DOCTOR**, in **TEENAGE BRAIN SURGEON**, **MONSTER MOVIE BALL**, **FRANKENSTEIN'S LAMENT**, **MY OLD FLAME**, plus others specially recorded to drive you mad with ghoully laughter. Long Play Album. Only \$4.98.



Features themes & sound effects from the following motion pictures: **House of Frankenstein** • **Horror of Dracula** • **Son of Dracula** • **Creature From the Black Lagoon** • **Revenge of the Creature** • **This Island Earth** • **The Mo' People** • **The Creature Walks Among Us** • **The Deadly Man** • **It Came From Outer Space** • **Tarantula** • **The Incredible Shrinking Man** • \$4.75



DINOSAURS! A dramatic version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's **THE LOST WORLD** featuring **BASIL RATHBONE** as Professor Challenger. The amazing story of the Challenger expedition. . . . The discovery of Living Prehistoric Animals! Only \$1.98.



KING KONG, the fantastic adventures adapted from the original Motion Picture Classic featuring the most famous ape of all time as he manes New York City from the top of the Empire State Building! A great Collectors Item! Only \$1.98.



An LP recording of the original Famous Orson Welles broadcast that caused mass hysteria throughout New York and New Jersey. People abandoned their homes—all roads were jammed, and never before had people become so suddenly disturbed as they did on this night. The original broadcast took place on the evening of October 30, 1938. A rare collector's item! Only \$5.98.

PLEASE RUSH ME THE FOLLOWING LONG PLAYING ALBUMS:

- ☐ **FAMOUS MONSTERS SPEAK**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **NIGHTMARE**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **FLASH GORDON**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **HORROR**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **THE HOUSE OF FRIGHT**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

- ☐ **DINOSAURS!** \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **DROP DEAD**; \$3.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **TERROR**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI**; \$4.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **SLEEP NO MORE**; \$4.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **THEMES FROM HORROR MOVIES**; \$4.75 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **WAR OF THE WORLDS**; \$5.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ **KING KONG**; \$1.98 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP CODE NO.....

EERIE PIN-UPS FOR SALE!

GIANT LIFE SIZE FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY
Jack Davis



6 FEET TALL!

Never anything like it before! A gigantic, unbetterable drawing of the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER. Over 6 feet tall—by America's greatest cartoonist-artist JACK DAVIS. This is the most striking thing you ever saw! A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it. The FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP will supply 100 hours of laughs and thrills; have your picture taken alongside your favorite ghoul; scotch-tape it to the inside of your bedroom or den door; put it between someone's bad sheets; or just pin it on the wall. A million dollars' worth of value for a low, low price! Order your's now—supply limited.

A FULL 6 FEET—ONLY \$2.00

If you love GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS, send for these great goodies! The Frankenstein Poster (left) is a full 6 feet tall, for only \$2. All the rest of the posters on this page are 3½ feet by 2½ feet, for only \$1 each. All posters printed on heavy paper—perfect for any wall in your house!



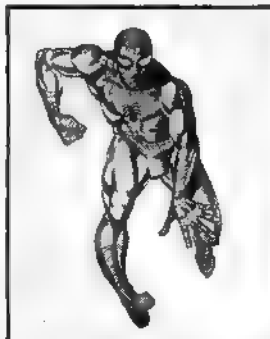
KING KONG



BORIS KARLOFF



THE HULK



SPIDERMAN



LEONARD NIMOY (STAR TREK)



WEREWOLF



DRACULA (LUGOSI)



BRIGITTE BARDOT



STEVE MCQUEEN STAR OF THE BLOB

GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS: Please send me the super-giant pin-up poster indicated below. (The Frankenstein Poster is \$2.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling. All other posters are \$1.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling for each poster.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

Mail this coupon to:
Captain Company,
P.O. Box 5987
Grand Central Station,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Pin-ups

GENUINE HAND-PAINTED MOVIE MASKS DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD!

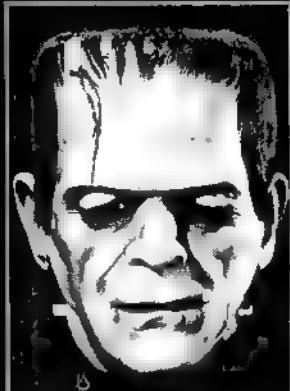
Super De-Luxe heavy rubber masks cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still remain flexible. There are also some monster hands available (see coupon). Exactly like the actual masks and hands used in the famous Universal movies. Created for us exclusively by Hollywood's Don Post Studios and featuring the Secret Hollywood Skin-Textured Formula. Each remarkable mask is a Collector's Item you'll treasure for years to come!

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE MAD DOCTOR MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE CREATURE MASK (\$34.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MOLE PEOPLE MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 CREATURE HANDS (\$17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 MOLE PEOPLE HANDS (\$17.50) | <input type="checkbox"/> WOLFMAN MASK (\$34.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE PHANTOM MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 WOLFMAN HANDS (\$17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 PHANTOM HANDS (\$17.50) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MUMMY MASK (\$34.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MR. HYDE MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 MUMMY HANDS (\$17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 MR. HYDE HANDS (\$17.50) | <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN MASK (\$34.00) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE GORILLA MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS (\$17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 GORILLA HANDS (\$17.00) | |

Please add \$1.50 postage & handling for each mask, and \$1 for each pair of hands. SORRY NO C.O.D.'S. OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY.



FRANKENSTEIN



THE GORILLA



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MOLE PEOPLE



MR. HYDE



BLACK LAGOON CREATURE



WOLFMAN



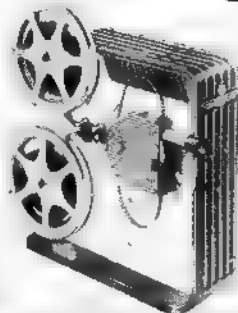
THE MAD DOCTOR



THE MUMMY

NOW AT LAST!
A FULL SIZED,
150 WATT

8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR



PERFECT FOR
SHOWING YOUR
HOME MOVIE
FILMS & 8MM
MONSTER FILMS.

JUST LOOK
AT THESE
FEATURES:

Handles 200 ft. of film, Blower cooled, Easy threading mechanism, Rapid motor rewind, Vertical tilt device, Manual framer, 200 ft. take-up reel, On-off switch, 150-watt projection lamp, Rugged, precise, all metal construction, Easy to take apart for cleaning, A cinch to thread, project, focus, rewind. Where there's a movie camera, there's a movie camera, there's got to be a projector, and here's the perfect one — a full-size (9x5x10") unit with ruggedly built metal housing for amateurs as well as experts. Thunderbird projector compares with others costing many times more — is perfect for both black-and-white and full color films. Both U.L. and OSA approved for absolute safety. Complete with a sturdy corrugated carrying case. Only \$29.95 plus \$2.00 for safe shipping and handling.

READY FOR A TRUE CHILLER?
THEN GRAB YOUR ALPINE
STAFF AS WE PREPARE TO
SCALE THE HEIGHTS OF
HORROR WITH
A GROUP OF MEN
ON A STRANGE
QUEST WHICH TURNS
OUT TO BE A...



SNOW JOB!

... WHERE WE FOUND AMERICAN
CARL PARKINS AND THE MEMBERS
OF HIS EXPEDITION.

THIS IS WHERE
OUR SHERPA
GUIDES WERE
TO MEET US,
CARL?

DOESN'T LOOK
MUCH LIKE
CARSTAIRS...
BUT WE'RE
LUCKY TO GET
EXPERIENCED,
ENGLISH-SPEAKING
GUIDES. THEY'RE
USUALLY IN
DEMAND!



COME ON, LET'S
FIND THE HEADMAN.
GETTING LATE --
IT'LL BE DARK
SOON!



THE **TIBETAN HIMALAYAS** YAST, RUGGED
AND MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN, THE SNOW-SHROUDED
WASTELAND WHICH IS SAID TO BE THE FRIGID
DWELLING PLACE OF THE **YETI**—THE LEGENDARY
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN...

AND WITHIN ONE OF THE
CRUDE HUTS...

DA TEMPA?
I'M PARKINS,
AND THIS IS
MY ASSISTANT,
GEORGE CARSTAIRS.
THEY SPOKE HIGHLY
OF YOU IN DELHI...
SAID YOU'D HANDLE
EVERYTHING.

THANK YOU,
GENTLEMEN.
THERE WILL
BE TWO OTHER
GUIDES
NECESSARY
FOR AN
EXPEDITION
OF YOUR
SIZE. BUT
WE WILL NOT
BE ABLE TO
LEAVE UNTIL
MORNING...



FINE! TELL
ME, TEMPA,
DO YOU
REALLY
BELIEVE
IN THE
EXISTENCE
OF THESE...
ABOMINABLE
SNOWMEN?



THE **YETI**
EXISTS, MR.
PARKINS, THERE
IS NO DOUBT!
NOW I TRUST
YOU HAVE
ADEQUATE
PROVISIONS
AND PROTECTIVE
CLOTHING? IT
GETS EVEN
COLDER ON THE
MOUNTAINS.

WE'RE PREPARED, ALL RIGHT!
I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS
FOR FAR TOO LONG TO BUNGLE
ON THE SUPPLIES! RIGHT,
CARSTAIRS?



RIGHT! BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SO **SURE** THE
YETI EXISTS, TEMPA? IT HAS YET TO BE
COMPLETELY AND SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN...
THAT'S WHAT **WE'RE** OUT TO DO!



A STRANGE GLEAM SEEMS TO LIGHT THE
SHERPA'S AVERTED EYES AS HE ANSWERS...

SCIENCE DOES NOT KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS,
MR. CARSTAIRS. THERE ARE STRANGE BEINGS
WHO INHABIT THESE MOUNTAINS! I ASSURE
YOU... I HAVE BEEN CLOSER TO THE **YETI**
THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE POSSIBLE!



OUTSIDE IN THE FRIGID STILLNESS, AWAY FROM THE EARS OF THEIR GUIDE ...

YOU THINK HE WAS ON THE LEVEL ABOUT SEEING A SNOWMAN HIMSELF, CARL?

HARD TO TELL. IF ANYONE HAS THOUGHT, IT *WOULD* BE SOMEONE LIKE HIM WHO'S LIVED HERE ALL HIS LIFE. ON THE OTHER HAND, CONTINUING THE MYTH ENSURES REPEATED EXPEDITIONS...



YOU KNOW, CARL, THINGS HAVE BEEN PRETTY STRANGE HERE SO FAR. DID YOU NOTICE THIS ENTIRE VILLAGE SEEMS *DESERTED*? WE'VE ONLY SEEN ONE INHABITANT... *DA TEMPA!*

YES... AND *HE* ACTED A BIT ODD. ALWAYS GLANCING OUT THE WINDOW... SEEMED ALMOST ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF US!

AND KEEPS HIM IN BUSINESS AS A GUIDE, HUH?

RIGHT: ANYWAY, MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW. HERE-- THIS IS THE HUT WHERE HE SAID WE COULD SPEND THE NIGHT.



HEAR THAT, CARL? SOUNDS ALMOST LIKE A DOG OR A WOLF HOWLING. I DIDN'T SEE ANY DOGS THOUGH.

YES, I HEAR IT, BUT IT'S TOO FAINT TO MAKE OUT.

HARDLY BE A WOLF, THIS WHOLE VILLAGE IS A PLATEAU, MOSTLY ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE... PROBABLY JUST THE WIND HOWLING, WELL, LET'S GET SOME SLEEP--TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY.



DON'T DAMAGE THOSE CAMERAS, HAL! IF WE SEE A SNOWMAN, WE WANT TO BE ABLE TO GET CONCRETE PROOF!

IF THESE 'SNOWMEN' EXIST, YOU MEAN!

WELL, MR. PARKINS, YOUR MEN SEEM EAGER AND ANXIOUS TO DEPART. ARE YOU PREPARED TO SPEND THE NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS? MOST SIGHTINGS OF THE YETI HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE HOURS OF DARKNESS.

WE'RE PREPARED TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES, TEMPA! HMM... I NEVER CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY THE SNOWMEN MIGHT BE NOCTURNAL CREATURES! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE LOW NUMBER OF SIGHTINGS...

AFTER DA TEMPA LEAVES PARKINS TO ATTEND TO HIS OWN SUPPLIES, CARSTAIRS APPROACHES HIS FRIEND...

CARL, I DON'T KNOW... I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT THIS. YOU REMEMBER THE LAST THREE SUCH EXPEDITIONS WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN..

WANT TO BET THEY WERE CARELESS, ILL- PREPARED-- BLUNDERING AROUND IN UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY, PROBABLY WITH INCOMPETENT GUIDES?! MAYBE TEMPA BEHAVED ODDLY LAST NIGHT ...BUT HE'S THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY! YOU'RE JUST JUMPY, GEORGE...THIS EXPEDITION'S GONNA WORK OUT FINE!

YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, CARL!

SURE I AM! LOOK-- THAT MUST BE THE OTHER TWO GUIDES. GUESS WE'RE READY TO START. LET'S GO!

WHEW! THIS IS ROUGH WORK! I'VE DONE MY SHARE CLIMBING BEFORE, BUT THIS BEATS ALL!

YOU SAID IT! AND THIS THIN AIR DOESN'T HELP BREATHING MUCH. GOTTA QUIT SMOKING IF I'M GONNA MAKE A CAREER OF THIS!

WISH WE'D FIND SOMETHING, ANYTHING, MAYBE JUST SOME...

MORNING PASSES FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION ON A CRISP, SNOW-BLANKETED MOUNTAIN OF THE HIMALAYAS, UNEVENTFUL EXCEPT FOR THE THRILL OF DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN-SCALING.



FOOTPRINTS!

YES, MADE
BY NAKED FEET...



REPORTS HAVE
PROBABLY BEEN
EXAGGERATED...
TEMPA, WHAT
DO YOU THINK
OF THESE TRACKS?

YETI!



WITH THE SHERPA
GUIDE'S OMINOUS
PRONOUNCEMENT
STILL RINGING ON
THE FRIGIDLY CRISP
HIMALAYAN AIR, THE
EXPEDITION SETS
OUT ALONG THE
PATH MADE BY THE
MYSTERIOUS PRINTS...

WONDER HOW
FAR THESE THINGS
GO?

I'M NOT TOO
SURE I WANT
TO FIND OUT!



FOR HOURS THE EXCITED EXPEDITION MEMBERS
FOLLOW THE SEEMINGLY UNENDING TRAIL UNTIL...

IT IS GETTING DARK,
MR. PARKINS. WE
CANNOT FOLLOW
THE TRACKS ANY
FARTHER TONIGHT.
YOU MAY TELL YOUR
MEN TO SET UP
CAMP HERE!

GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT... IT'S A
SHAME, THOUGH,
BY TOMORROW THE
TRACKS MAY BE
COVERED!

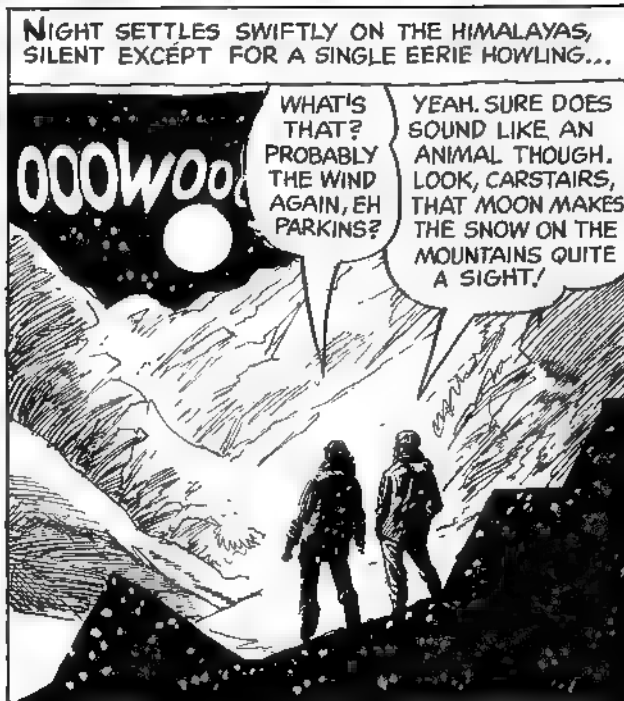


NIGHT SETTLES SWIFTLY ON THE HIMALAYAS,
SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SINGLE EERIE HOWLING...

OOOwooo

WHAT'S
THAT?
PROBABLY
THE WIND
AGAIN, EH
PARKINS?

YEAH. SURE DOES
SOUND LIKE AN
ANIMAL THOUGH.
LOOK, CARSTAIRS,
THAT MOON MAKES
THE SNOW ON THE
MOUNTAINS QUITE A
SIGHT!





CARL,
LOOK!



SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE
MOON, A DARK TERRIBLE FORM
DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW...



CARL!
GOOD LORD
...WE'D BETTER
GET TEMPA AND...

FORGET TEMPA!
THERE ISN'T TIME!
JUST GET THE
CAMERA!



IN SECONDS, CARSTAIRS BURST FROM THE TENT
CLUTCHING AN INFRA-RED, TELESCOPICALLY-LENSED
CAMERA, READY FOR JUST SUCH A MOMENT...

CARL, I STILL
THINK WE SHOULD...

GEORGE, ANY MORE DELAYS
AND WE LOSE WHATEVER'S
OUT THERE! LET'S GO!



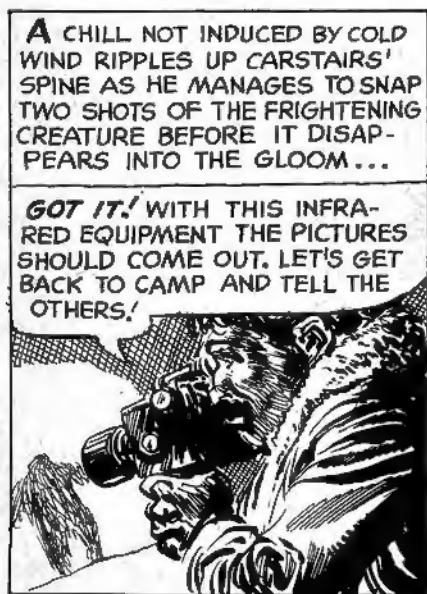
I'M SURE THAT WAS A
SNOWMAN! EVEN IN THE
DARK I COULD SEE
IT WASN'T HUMAN!



TOPPING A MOUND OF SNOW,
THEY SEE...

THE
SNOWMAN!

GET A
PICTURE!
QUICKLY,
MAN!



A CHILL NOT INDUCED BY COLD
WIND RIPPLES UP CARSTAIRS'
SPINE AS HE MANAGES TO SNAP
TWO SHOTS OF THE FRIGHTENING
CREATURE BEFORE IT DISAP-
PEARS INTO THE GLOOM...

GOT IT! WITH THIS INFRA-
RED EQUIPMENT THE PICTURES
SHOULD COME OUT. LET'S GET
BACK TO CAMP AND TELL THE
OTHERS!

NOW WE HAVE DEFINITE PROOF THAT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN **EXISTS!**

DID YOU NOTICE THE CREATURE WAS SHAGGY JUST LIKE PREVIOUS REPORTS HAVE CLAIMED?



EAGER TO TELL OF THEIR SIGHTING...

HEY CHUCK, RALPH! WE JUST... OH, LORD!



WITHIN THE TENT LAY...

CHUCK...RALPH...TORN TO SHREDS! CHOKE BLOODY RUINS!



AFTER A SICKENING SEARCH OF THE OTHER TENTS...

ALL OF THEM, CARL! EVERY ONE-- TORN TO **PIECES!** CAN'T EVEN FIND THE BODIES OF THE GUIDES... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO... HOW CAN WE GET BACK?

I--I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE, MUST'VE BEEN THAT SNOWMAN... **WAIT!** OVER THERE...LOOKS LIKE **DA TEMPA!**



IT **IS** HIM! BUT...WHAT'S HE **DOING...?** STARING AT THE MOON ...RIPPING AT HIS CLOTHES?! AND THAT **NOISE** HE'S MAKING-- IT'S WHAT WE HEARD LAST NIGHT!

CHANGING... **NO!** IT CAN'T BE! THOSE STORIES... ARE L-LEGENDS... **SUPERSTITION!** THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS...



THREE MONSTROUSLY TRANSFORMED SHAPES BEAR DOWN UPON THEM, PERKINS AND CARSTAIRS... WHY THEY COULDN'T FIND THE BODIES OF THEIR GUIDES, WHY THE SNOWMEN HAVE ONLY BEEN SIGHTED AT NIGHT, AND THAT THERE REALLY **AREN'T** ANY SNOWMEN--ONLY:



"THOSE SHERPAS MAY NOT BE **SNOWMEN**, BUT THEY'RE STILL PRETTY **ABOMINABLE!** IF NOTHING ELSE, POOR PARKINS AND CARSTAIRS HAVE LEARNED THAT A **YETI** BY ANY OTHER NAME IS STILL A HAIRY HORROR, EH, RABID READERS?"



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?!



FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS
GIANT-SIZED 8"x10"



MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN HALF SIZE



BIG 3"
FULL-COLOR PIN

JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

Ooze your orbs around the page . . . It can all be yours! An 8x10 FULL COLOR portrait of your favorite fiend, **UNCLE CREEPY** by that master of the monstrous, **FRANK FRAZETTA**, suitable for framing . . . The **OFFICIAL CLUB PIN** (Shown half size below), full color and sturdily constructed . . . And the pocket-size **MEMBERSHIP CARD** printed on strong high quality paper stock, also shown half size! Once you get this fearfully fun kit, you're eligible to submit drawings and stories for print in the **FAN CLUB PAGE** appearing in every issue of **CREEPY!** Just send the coupon below . . . **NOW!**

CREEPY FAN CLUB Dept.

P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Here's my \$1.25 for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly great fan club going, which entitles me to a big 3" club pin, membership card with my own personal number, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, **UNCLE CREEPY!**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!



VENUS FLY TRAP

**\$1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST
UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!**

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The **VENUS FLY TRAP** is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual! **EATS FLIES AND INSECTS!** Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The **VENUS FLY TRAP** bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 **FLY TRAPS** plus **SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL** packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00.

ADMIRER BY CHARLES DARWIN,
FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant, commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap,' from the rapidity and force of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world . . . It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat . . . will produce these . . . effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."



Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at that will NOT bite off more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

CAPTAIN COMPANY,
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

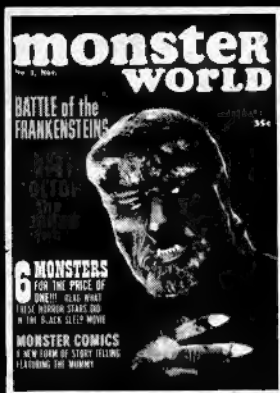
- ☐ Enclosed is \$1.00 plus 39¢ for handling & mailing for 3 **FLY TRAPS** AND **SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL**. Rush!!
- ☐ Enclosed is \$1.75 plus 45¢ handling & mailing for 6 **FLY TRAPS** AND **SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only



NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION



NO. 2—THE MUNSTERS



NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE



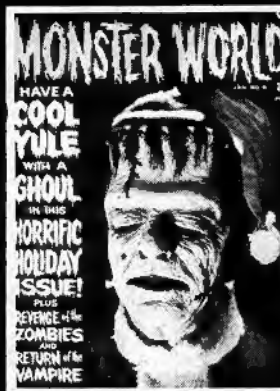
NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE



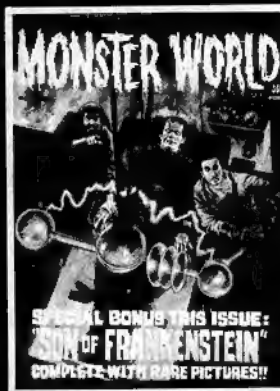
NO. 5—KARLOFF'S NEWEST

USE THIS COUPON
TO GET VALUABLE
BACK ISSUES OF

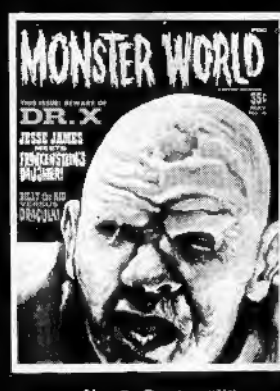
**MONSTER
WORLD**



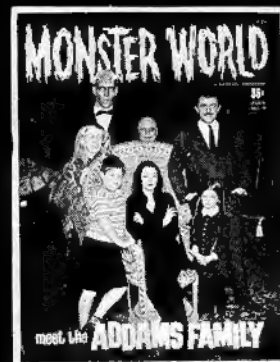
NO. 6—HOLIDAY ISSUE



NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON



No. 8 - Doctor "X"



NO. 9—THE ADDAMS FAMILY



NO. 10—SUPER HEROES

**MONSTER WORLD
BACK ISSUES DEPT.**

P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

All Copies Mailed
in a Sturdy Envelope
for Protection

- ☐ Rush me the #1 COLLECTOR'S EDITION. Enclosed is \$2.00
- ☐ Rush me Issue #2 of MONSTER WORLD. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great She Creature Issue #3. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Chris Lee Issue #4. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Karloff Issue #5. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Cool Xmas Issue #6. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Filmbook Issue #7. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Dr. X Issue #8. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Addams Family Issue #9. Enclosed is \$1.00
- ☐ Rush me the Great Super-Heroes Issue #10. Enclosed is \$1.00

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP CODE.....